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1895







Yours very truly,
DELL HAIR.

SONGS
OF
DARKNESS, LIGHT
AND
DEATH

BY
DELL HAIR



31916 aa'

1895

(Singing, etc.)
R. S. ...

PS 3515

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PREFACE.

DELL HAIR, the flowing poet, whom God hath so wonderfully blessed so as to enable him to pour forth the following beautiful rhymes as easily as water comes from a flowing well, was born of poor, but respectable parents in Shiawassee county, State of Michigan, on the fourth day of November, A. D. 1871. His days of youth were principally spent at manual labor, thus enabling him to receive scarcely a common school education. He in childhood has oftentimes been called a fool, it being hard for him to understand, and he never could express his thoughts without studying in solitude, but was known to write a few verses at the age of twelve years and even younger. Thus years passed by, his great mind sleeping as it were, and he being no lover of hard manual labor, enlisted in the regular army at the early age of nineteen years. Here his mind fully awakened and he first wrote the beautiful poem, "The Poet's Dream of the End of Time." He has numberless times been known by his comrades to take a cartridge from his belt and mark his thoughts upon the walls of the fort and even in the sand at midnight. With his many faults he is blessed on every hand with numberless friends. This wonderful talent is not hereditary; 'tis given to only a few, and never before was such a work placed before the public by one so young. May success crown his future undertakings.

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SONGS OF DARKNESS, LIGHT AND DEATH.

A STORMY NIGHT ON FORTY-SECOND STREET.
NEW YORK.

The night grows old in the alley grim,
There poverty abounds them;
Like eyes in death the window's shine,
Hunger and death surrounds them.
The walls were old, grim and gray,
And the crystal flakes were falling;
I heard an urchin's distant cry,
For mother she was calling.

I crept, I crept, like a wounded snail,
For my echo rang while walking;
I paused a moment, by an oaken door,
And heard the inmates talking;
"God pity us," a mother cried,
"I long to see the morrow,
Though it brings but light for us to die,
We can neither buy nor borrow."

Cruel poverty, thou art but death
Condensed, and leaves remaining
Mourning thousands on this earth to mourn,
With faith in God sustaining.
The infant mourns, the husband sighs,
Cold is the hearth, and storming;
A trembling hand, to quench the thirst,
Breaks the ice, so fastly forming.

"Thou art welcome, come," an infant cries,
Inviting death to enter;
"Ma, there's an angel in the room,
And God to earth has sent her.
"She is freezing," the mother cried, aloud,
"Don't you hear the warning?"
And reached her arm, the child to take,
But cold was her young darling.

Beneath that roof I heard their cries,
The babe in death was laying;
I heard them slowly kneeling down,
And a tender voice praying;
I thought, such faith have they in God,
To implore from Him a blessing.
Their room was cold, dark and grim
Now a frozen child caressing.

With trembling lips, I crept along,
Till I heard an indoor squeaking,
I paused upon my dreary path,
'Twas facts that I was seeking.
I saw a candle melting fast,
A dim light there was shining;
Parents, drunk, lay on the floor,
And a daughter, young, seemed pining.

I saw the hearth had long been cold,
And the flame of light expiring;
The child beside her parents crept,
And prayed before retiring.
She laid her down, the room was dark,
A lance my heart seemed goring;
The father raised and turned again,
And like the swine was snoring.

I remained awhile upon my knees,
The cold my limbs benumbing;
Then I heard a rap at another door,
Like that of muffled drumming.
"Bill, awake!" the father cried,
As he staggered unconcerning,
"Find a pitcher, go your way,
And fill before returning."

"But, pa, there is no more for thee,
They told me on the morrow
If I returned with bucket dry,
'Twould bring to you more sorrow."
"Liar; go!" the father cried;
The lad at once departed;
I heard a cry as I have gave,
When, all but broken-hearted.

I, creeping back, the battered door
Upon one hinge was swinging.
The drunken mother says, "He'll come,"
And commenced at once her singing.
"That boy, that boy, I know he'll come,
He is afraid of us, I am sure;
How the silvery foam will rise and fall,
As I swallow the draught so pure."

I crept along that dreary path,
My wrath was now expanding;
I saw a shadow on a wall;
In front a form was standing.
He paused at length, he muttered low,
"How escape this humiliation,
My door leads to an inferno,
Not a human habitation."

Unseen, unheard, I lay as dead,
Like a child I heard him crying;
His mourns soon ceased, he cursed aloud,
The warth of God defying.
“Who dare this wicked soul destroy?
Is there wrath in God, I wonder?
If there be, then smite me to the earth,
Lest I perish with the hunger.”

My strong heart paused to bound again,
The wrath of God 'twas fearing;
Then I saw a form move slowly on,
And the shadow disappearing.
Will I remain or follow on?
My brain was next containing;
It bade me go, I crept along,
Saw sights beyond explaining.

Up a creaking flight of steps he walked,
I slowly crept behind him;
He turned a knob on an inner door,
I tried, but could not find him.
I heard a sound in another room
Like that of distant thunder,
The creaking roof had fell below,
And crushed his form asunder.

The wrath of God had come but slow.
His wish thus satisfying;
He cursed his God, defied His wrath,
And prostrate he lay dying.
There came a form through another door,
A faint light she was bearing;
The gore soon stained her naked feet.
She her golden hair was tearing.

The snow fell fast between the walls,
Her light was growing dimmer,
A few flakes hissing on the wick,
The walls was growing grimmer.
I heard the shut of a distant door,
And the echo from the weeping;
She soon returned with a dimmer light,
With urchins erect and creeping.

She grasped the old moss-covered roof,
Her giant arms extending,
And, looking downward, saw his face;
I heard her wails ascending:
"Your father's dead," the mother cries;
On his blood stained cheek 'twas snowing,
And, looking heavenward, cried "Oh! God,
His half-chilled blood still flowing."

The snow fell faster o'er the dead,
 Black clouds were hurled above her;
She left the room, returned again,
 And o'er him spread a cover.
The chilly winds again would blow,
 And the walls, I saw them reeling.
Her light again was growing dim,
 I saw her gently kneeling.

The light soon fled, the walls seemed gone,
 I heard two tongues consoling;
'Twas mother and her elder child;
 The midnight bells were tolling.
I turned, and slowly reached the ground,
 By grasping firm the railing,
Then walking on, for all was stilled
 But the mother's midnight wailing.

I then returned to my quiet room,
 To take a moment's slumber;
I saw, in dreams, that dreary street,
 And orphans without number.
Farewell, farewell, grim street of hell,
 You my bitter thoughts have nourished;
And they say a boy, with bucket dry,
 At a drunkard's door has perished.

AN INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT AT THE GRAVE OF
HER LOVER.

Beneath this tree is a lonely grave,
Where sleeps a warrior, young and brave;
For years I've returned to this lonely place,
And smoothed the sand o'er my lover's face.
My prayer ascends to God each day
Over the grave where he now doth lay.

I know he lives, though buried low,
And aims his spear at the buffalo;
But I will wander to this little mound,
'Till I meet him on the hunting-ground;
And, to the God, I often pray
That time be short I have to stay.

A cruel paleface gave him rest,
And buried his sword in his manly breast;
Severed the warcoat I arrayed with beads,
Then led away his noble steeds.
The cruel aim of his glistening steel
Tapped the fount that stained the heel.

The one I love is buried here,
I moistened his grave with many a tear;
His body moulders beneath this mound,
But he is happy on the hunting-ground,
With buckskin belt and wampom braid,
And the beaded moccasins that I made.

And his quiver, too, of the softest skin;
I found his arrowheads, ground them thin.
They caused the hiding panther pain,
For they steered direct to his deadly aim.
He slew the tiger, but spared the dove,
His heart was tender and full of love.

How oft we rambled, hand in hand,
And followed the deer on the heated sand;
Would pause to rest by a chattering rill,
Then hasten to a distant hill,
And ascend again on its barren side,
His eye would rest on an otter's slide.

Oh! could I soar like the birds above,
Or had I wings like the turtle dove,
Over this glen I would soar tonight,
I'd smooth his grave and take my flight,
His loving face I soon would see,
For I'd throw myself in the raging sea.

On the hunting-ground I'd meet him there,
With his manly form and raven hair,
And he would say, "oh! can this be,
My love has come at last to me?"
None know my heart since my lover fell;
I long to die, farewell, farewell.

AN ANGEL'S DESCRIPTION OF HEAVEN.

I once was journeying on a long road, so dreary,
For refuge I sought, that long weary day,
No generous hand was waiting to aid me,
And, yielding to slumber, by the roadside I lay.

A few moments passed and sweet was this slumber,
Noxious weeds my berth, my pillow a stone;
Low in the valley I heard harps without number;
Earth seemed a heaven and I slept on the throne.

I tried to awake, my slumber was deepened,
The music I heard can never be told.
As were the sun shining my berth was alighted,
And glistened like diamonds on crowns of gold.

They gathered around me, could I but uttered.
Their banner waived high on a golden rod;
It seemed to express, for plainly I read it,
Their gratefulness and love to the Almighty God.

Our journey is ended, the poet is sleeping,
But power from Heaven to him will be given;
We will soar to our God, awake him tomorrow,
That he may describe the interior of Heaven.

They departed from me, I saw the ascension,
Oh! could I awake and bid them farewell;
In depths of sweet dreams I slumbered 'till morning,
Was awakened by thunder this story to tell.

Heaven is our home, God's throne and glory
Can be described only by the inmates therein,
The paths are of gold, the light is the Savior,
Who mourns for the lost and their great plans
of sin.

With intent sadness he looks down upon you,
His tears fall like rain when a poor soul is lost;
He remembers the thorns and the scars that he weareth,
And his dying for sin upon Calvary's cross.

We kneel at the throne and worship the Savior,
Tho' on the proud earth we are numbered as dead.
The golden bells ring on a strand of silver,
And the Father smiles as we soar o'er His head.

Wreaths of white lilies, entangled with roses,
Seem to be hung on the glorious sun;
The Savior crowns each inmate that enters,
And sweetly he says, "My servant, well done."

Time is not known, no clock tells the hour,
No plague or darkness can e'er enter here,
No sickness abounds, only tears for the sinners,
Ah! what a home, and the throne of God near.

I bless Thee, oh! God, that I fell in this slumber,
Also for the power so wonderfully given,
I bid all farewell, and pray thee take warning,
For I have described the glories of heaven.

A RUNAWAY'S RETURN; OR, THIRTEEN YEARS
AGO.

No fairer spot in all this world
Is found, than my native dell;
Years have passed, and I've returned
To gaze on the abandoned mill.
The moaning pine sways to and fro,
The same as thirteen years ago.

I see no change in the pretty birds,
And the flowers bloom the same;
The farmers plow the soil,
Different faces reap the grain;
I hear the cattle's distant low,
The same as thirteen years ago.

The river glides on to the sea,
My chain is rent in twain,
That reached its hook to hold my boat
Then back to the mill again.
The moss upon the shore doth grow,
The same as thirteen years ago.

The door swings on one rusty hinge,
Prostrate doth the chimney lay,
The room that held the golden grain
Is filled with the broken clay.
My manhood tears doth startle so,
As I think of thirteen years ago.

When I was here a miller's boy,
 Had parents and a home;
'Tis true, I loved my mother dear,
 But 'twas my desire to roam;
So determined was my mind to go,
That I ran away thirteen years ago.

I asked a farmer, while passing by,
 Where the miller could be found;
He bowed his head upon his hand,
 And gazed on the secret ground:
"He slumbers there with his wife, so low,
We buried them both thirteen years ago."

"Both died from sorrow, the neighbors said,
 They were rearing but one child, dear,
He was either stolen or ran away,
 And no tidings could they hear."
I bitterly wept, nor could I go
To a friend of thirteen years ago.

A BRAVE WIFE.

His faded coat of army blue
Seemed covered o'er with dust;
His gun barrel and his bayonet
Was mixed with blood and rust.
His wife stood by him bravely
And faced the rebel's hell
Till far into the evening
By a Minie ball she fell.

All day upon the battle field,
Through danger she would bring
Cold water to the wounded
From out a bubbling spring;
But, alas! that fatal volley,
From the rebs' retreating line,
Severed her youthful happiness
Just blooming in her prime.

The gallant soldiers gathered
Where the cannons loud did roar,
And many eyes were weeping,
That scarce had wept before.
She is sleeping on the battle field,
No coffin did she fill;
Still she is resting with the brave
That fell on Shiloh's hill.

A VISIT AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I am seated once more at mother's grave,
She has slumbered in death for years;
I remember her love when I was a boy;
Mine eyes are now blinded with tears.

The mother I loved, has faded away,
She is slumbering in death here, now,
Oh, could I but smooth her long waving hair,
Or press a kiss on her raven brow.

She is slumbering alone on this quiet hillside,
Her boy has returned here to weep—
Oh! why did they take her away from my side,
And bury my mother so deep.

Ma, could I hear thy voice once more,
'Twould fill this sad soul with joy.
Could I but utter and receive in reply,
“What want you, my own darling boy?”

Could I hear her sweet voice, as oft, when a child,
When her hand would dim the bright light,
“Kneel to your God, my boy, and be blessed,
And ask for protection tonight.

“Tell me your troubles, whate'er they are,
And always remember the poor,
Think of the homeless, remember thy God,
Feed all that comes to our door.”

I've laid by mother's side when a babe,
Her arm I would place on my cheek;
Little thought I she'd be taken away,
And alone I would bitterly weep.

My cheeks would roll in the cradle so soft,
I'd listen to mother's sweet song;
When ill she would take me from where I lay,
And nurse me the whole night long.

And gaze in the heavens when the bright stars fell,
Ere the stranger singing in joy;
Then mother's voice would utter with love,
"Have pity, oh! God, on my boy."

How oft I dream of seeing my home
And the mother whom I loved so dear,
In danger, I cry for her in my sleep,
And always find her quite near.

But, ma, thou art dead, I must leave you alone,
Now I'll strew the lilies I've brought,
I'll remember thy love when I was a boy,
And obey the lessons you taught.

Good-bye, mother, could thou but speak
To your boy, who to despair is driven.
Although her body moulders here,
The soul's found rest in heaven.

A DYING BOY'S APPEAL.

“Dear mother, do not weep for me,
I see the angels now,
With outstretched hands, awaiting me,
And clammy is my brow.

“Oh! mother, I see the glorious sun,
And the Savior walking by,
The flowers bloom on every side—
In joy, ma, I die.

“I only leave this world of care,
All trouble I will shun;
Come, death; come, death; I welcome thee,
My work on earth is done.

“I am going now, dear mother,
To join the angel throng;
I hear a voice, sweetly calling,
Farewell, farewell, I am gone.”

AS DEAR AS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TO ME.

No rose upon earth, no star in the sky,
No ray of the sun, no birds that fly,
No aster there blooms, no blossoms there be,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No gold in the mint, no sweet mistletoe,
No meteor in heaven, no crystals of snow,
No joy on earth, no far away tree,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No gurgling water, no nourishing rain,
No stars in heaven, no golden grain,
No plate that's engraved, no wonders at sea,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No flocks on the heights, no reef that grows,
No rainbows in heaven, no breeze that blows,
No deer in the forest, no beauty I see,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No mansion that's lofty, no crowns of the great,
No gold beaten coffin, no gold beaten gate,
No towering monument, no secret degree
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No path that reads "heaven," no furnace that's red,
No pillars been laid, no tomb of the dead,
No door stands ajar, no prayer-bended knee,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No sword ever swung, no flag ever waved,
No hero has fallen, no brother is saved,
No home in the universe, no land of the free,
As dear as beautiful women to me.

No far away friend, no jewel that's bright,
No ray in darkness, no monarch of light,
No hope of heaven, no name could be
As dear as beautiful women to me.



A DRUNKARD'S APPETITE.

A drunkard's appetite is great,
And nothing, in its natural state,
Can satisfy a drunkard's sorrow,
'Tis born and bred in his bones' marrow.

He will enter a city from the rear,
And walk till he reads "fresh lager beer."
Trembling he enters if he has a dime,
If in a hurry he takes the time.

"Give me a horn of that most handy,
Whisky, gin, beer, or brandy,"
He takes a drink, turns towards home;
Last he says, "One drink alone;

"I will stay, I must be filled,
My trembling hand is almost stilled,
I'd raise a dollar if I could,
A little more would do me good."

Last he pawns his shirt and hat,
His shoes and coat, but what of that?
He is now possessor of a dollar,
All is well, he has a collar.

He thinks, "such luck have I in town,"
And commences at once to pour them down.
The two together begin to fight—
One is wrong and the other right.

Or both mistaken in that land,
Down goes a jury on the stand,
“This,” says the jury, “must be done.”
Now all are riled and two on one.

The drunkard knows 'tis far from fair,
He takes another, it makes two pair.
The're doing well, but to his surprise,
There's a curious feeling above both eyes.

In his glass he now sees lice,
The floor seems moving like floating ice,
His feet are firm, but the weight at the top
Sways a little, and he takes a drop.

Too late to stand, sit, or walk,
His brain is numbed, he cannot talk,
To froth a little he will soon begin,
And the world will seem to be falling in.

He will roar with laughter and bitterly weep,
Groan a little and fall to sleep;
In that sleep they are sure to say,
For we watched the drunkard many a day,

“Press the grape, let the juice have time
To change from a worthless state to wine,
Hark! the bells in hell doth ring,”
Or some other foolish thing.

If awakened then, they ne'er will fail
To imagine themselves in the strongest jail;
But, ah! the morn, one feels so mean—
He wants his hat number seventeen.

Drove to the earth like a shore bound wave,
Fast they fill a drunkards' grave;
Drunk today and drunk tomorrow,
Thus death ends a drunkard's sorrow.



A SABBATH EVE IN PRISON.

I hear the gurgling water in a rill that's running nigh,
I hear the happy blackbird chirp as he flies by,
I hear a young squaw singing just outside my cell,
I hear the distant sentry's echo, "all is well."

I hear great tom-toms sounding near the Kiowa camps,
I hear a mounted trooper steer right beneath the lamps,
I hear the church bell ringing in a distant castle fair,
I hear a trembling voice offer to God a prayer.

I see loved comrades sleeping upon a bed of straw,
I see the weaker mourning for the breaking of the law,
I see an old rock fireplace—the last faint spark is fled,
I see a prisoner pace the floor and count his steady tread.

I see worn garments hanging upon an old stone wall,
I see at morn one ray of light—the dearest sight of all;
I see the roof divided where through would shine the
stars,
I see for fear of men like me each crevice spanned
with bars.

I hear a distant roaring brook thunder as it were,
I hear a merry urchin whistling for his cur,
I hear the sergeant's steady tread fast approaching me,
I hear him utter, "all is well," and turn the giant key.

I see the walls are broken by hands we can't ignore,
I see the names of outlaws carved upon the door,
I see before mine eyes but gloom, though turn both
right and rear,

I see but darkness, all is o'er, I'll tell you what I hear.

I hear the bugle on the glen blasting, "take thy rest,"
I hear a heart send forth its gore within a manly breast,
I hear within this lightless cell as were I in a vision,
"No chain can bind a poet's brain, thy days are few
in prison."



A MOTHER'S DREAM.

'Twas in a meek and lowly cottage,
A mother laid her down to sleep,
Her only boy, the storms were tossing,
Far upon the mighty deep.

She prayed again before she slumbered,
Her sunken eyes were filled with tears,
“Dear Father, send this boy to mother,
Whom she's not seen for months and years.”

Her eyes are closed in slumber now,
All's quiet as the dreary moor,
She imagines footsteps are approaching—
Three raps knock on the door.

“Who is there?” cries the dreaming mother,
“Why didst thou come this lonely way?”
“Your boy's returned from the cruel ocean
To greet his mother old and gray.”

“What! my boy?” the mother uttered,
As she unbarred the oaken door,
Spake, and drew him to her bosom,
“I see my only boy once more.”

“How oft for you I’ve wept all night,
My tears are now for joy,
You seem as tender as ever, dear,
No change is in my boy.”

“I will never leave you, mother,
Here I’ll stay forever more,
No more I’ll pray, when storms are raging,
That I might reach the distant shore.”

’Tis but a dream, the mother wakes,
Her heart weighs down like lead,
The room is lonely, ’tis a warning,
Is he numbered with the dead?

Alas! the bright sun shone with beauty,
Spread its wings o’er land and sea,
Again the mother prayed to heaven
That saved her only boy might be.

She sees a form, ’tis coming yonder,
And her hope is almost fled;
Can it be a cruel message,
That her only boy is dead?

But the traveler’s step is quick’ning,
And a smile she now can see,
“That’s my boy, oh! loving Father,
Thou hast brought him back to me.”

“I was spared last night,” he answered,
“From that grave, the cruel sea,
Last night we wrecked by yonder beacon,
I was spared to return to thee.”

“What, wrecked, my boy, by beacon Grant,
Last night my only hope had fled;
I dreamed, my boy, of your returning,
Oh! I thought that you were dead.”

“Mother, dear, while left to tarry,
And long as breath is lended me,
I’ll remember God and mother,
And will always stay with thee.”

And now they dwell in the humble cottage,
A home of care is now but joy,
And many a prayer I know is answered
By mother and her only boy.



A STROLL ON NEW YEARS' EVE.

The moon arose and spread her wings
O'er the captives and the free
On the night of the first of January,
In eighteen and ninety-three;
A few clouds, scattered here and there,
Dotted the clear blue sky,
Shattering the moonbeams o'er the vale,
As the winds would hurl them by.
The barren limbs of the ash and elm,
And other forest trees,
Were bowing their lofty heads beneath
The pleasant winter breeze.

No frost had chilled the tender bark,
No snow upon the ground,
As I have often seen at home,
When New Year's eve came round,
But spots of green grass here and there,
The meadow larks would sing,
As he, in northern climates, does,
When telling us of spring.
And the little brooklets babbled
O'er shallow places gay
And beneath its crystal surface
The little minnows play.

I thought of nature's beauty,
 Beaming from everywhere,
As I strolled along the woodland path,
 Fanned by the evening air.
From among the tangled branches
 Of the ivy, growing near,
Flew the frightened turkey,
 And below the fleeing deer.
Afar, in pleasant forest,
 I could hear the baying hound,
And all the hills it seemed to me
 Would echo back the sound

But still I wandered aimlessly,
 Shaded by many trees,
And would watch the little branches sway
 When kissed by the evening breeze.
I walked beside a little stream,
 And crossed a mossy bridge
To watch the acorns as they fell
 Upon the surrounding ridge.
Wishingly looking to heavenward
 As I grasped the tender bowers
Thinking of nature's noble works
 In those quiet midnight hours.

I turned me back and wandered home,
And hastened into my room,
And sat by an open window,
To gaze on the lovely moon.
The old, old, clock upon the hill,
Within the old stone tower,
With long and measured strokes, it tolled
The dying midnight hour,
I lay me down on a warrior's cot
Amid soldiers brave and true,
My heart would pause and bound with love,
Farewell to ninety-two.



A SAINT'S FIRST DAY IN HEAVEN.

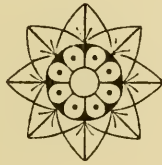
(COMPOSED ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.)

OUR life is short, but we're told before,
FATHER waits for us on the golden shore,
WHO enters heaven will hear his cries:
"ART thou a soul who mourns and dies
IN this gate? Come," he will say,
"HEAVEN is thine, and go thy way,
HALLOWED be thy name forever more.
Beyond that strand is the golden shore;
THY years were few, I called thee home,
NAME the works that thou hast done,
THY sins were great, but thou did'st pray,
KINGDOM had mercy on you that day.
COME, my servant, follow me;
THY home is here for eternity;
WILL you but listen to the angel's play,
Before my throne they kneel and pray,
DONE, my servant, their story is told,
ON every brow is a crown of gold.
EARTH has no comfort, none is given;
As you are saved, bring more to heaven.
It was time to pray, I warned thee true,
Is there rest on earth? I will list to you."
"IN my soul is harbored the name of God,
HEAVEN is my home since they turned the sod,
GIVE me that power Thou canst bestow,

Us angel's will light their path below;
THIS life on earth was a wretched one,
DAYLIGHT vanished with the sun,
'OUR life is hard, I curse my birth,'
DAILY cries the man upon the earth.
BREAD is earned by the sweated brow,
AND they know not Jesus even now;
FORGIVE thou wouldst, would they but ask.
Us sinners in prayer told you our task,
OUR burden was lightened as thou hast said,
TRESPASSERS planted a heavier tread.
As sinners, we mourned both day and night,
WE at last were brought into the light.
FORGIVE others, Father, as thou didst me,
THOSE wings are earned by the bended knee;
WHO waits till the morrow and passes thee by,
TRESPASS thy laws and will surely die.
AGAINST their neighbor, plans they lay,
Us angels will ask them all to pray;
LEAD them, Father, into the light,
Us angels once were dark as night.
NOT a sinner smiles upon the earth,
INTO their own souls they curse their birth.
TEMPTATION abounds throughout their land,
BUT help them, God, with Thy tender hand,
DELIVER them, too, and show Thy light,
Us angels will crown the God tonight.
FROM death I am spared and that cruel wave.
EVIL men still mourn around my grave;

FOR long, dear Savior, they saw me pray,
THINE own words last conquered me.
Is it not the truth, oh! God, I've told?
THE love of Thine last reached my soul;
POWER like mine all can afford,
AND a crown of gold, oh, blessed Lord.
GLORY be Thine, oh! Father of love,
FOR years I've striven for this home above,
EVER I'll remember when I knelt to pray;
AMEN, oh! Father, for ever and a day.

6



ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

You are mentioned by God as the father of light,
And hallowed by man for unveiling the night,
No darkness dare face thee, the creatures that creep
Hide, but go boldly when you are asleep.

The tenderest sprig in the window that's hung,
Smiles and bows toward thee, oh! glorious sun;
They learned it from thee, to sleep for the night,
And pour forth at morn their beauty and light.

The sprig that bears life, the sturdy oak tree,
Reaches their arms in honor to thee,
The clouds are ashamed to stand in your way,
And leap one another to make room for thy ray.

You send forth the lilies when you're in command,
And mark every creature's form on the sand;
You take from the ocean what God will allow,
And moisten down here the laborer's brow.

The streams that were chained when the cold winds
 began,
Gurgle, I thank thee, I am again bade to run
Around the maid's limbs, I'll twine a white wreath,
And leap o'er the rocks and show my white teeth.

The drunkards and murderers are crowned by thy will;
You heeded when Joshua bade thee stand still.
In the Swiss valleys, gorges where thy rays cannot fall,
The wisest are simple and deformities all.

Few fall before thee saturated with grog,
They curse thy rays and laboratory of God.
Thou art bade go forth by the Heavenly Father
Such darkness and light ne'er'l mingle together.
I am writing in light near a beautiful tree,
Where the robin is perched, singing praises to thee,
My hand has grown weary other tones have begun,
With poems and songs, we bless thee, oh! sun.



A DESCRIPTION OF PERRY, O. T., AT THE TIME
OF THE OPENING.

That hell hole, Perry, can mortal prayers win it?
That mighty city built up in a minute,
And nine hundred lawyers are writing within it,
All seem wealthy and merry.
To empty filled pockets is the gambler's game,
All are striving for an outlaw's name.
There are five hundred houses, all of ill-fame,
Their mottoes mean death in Perry.

The murderer's victims soon find the lagoons,
Often gore is spilt in well lighted rooms,
The drunkards ride boldly in the saloons,
And demand a drink without pay.
Proud women stroll, but only at night,
Preferring darkness rather than light,
Loving the devil and cursing the right,
And abscond through the glorious day.

The tender sex oft are held on the street,
Robbed of their all, and their frail body beat,
And oft are mangled from head to feet;
No one mourns for the dead.
Scarcely a coffin is lowered to earth,
Living follow the dead, enraptured in mirth,
Join in chorus and dance on the turf,
Tho' the soul to God has scarce fled.

One sign reads, "Enter the Great Buckhorn,
Where women parade as naked as when born;
We give the best liquor when departing at morn—

Enter our mighty pavilion.

Who enters our abode to retire for the night,
His desire will be granted in darkness or light,
If he thinks he's been wronged we'll at once make it
right,

With our capital exceeding a million."

In dark slums of hell, sweet music is played,
By some corrupt being, that first was betrayed,
To attract the weak-minded, she is in beauty arrayed,
The germs of death remain with her.

Oh! God, of the Universe such patience hast thou,
The trampling Thy laws so long to allow;
And sons of good mothers are perishing now,
As her frail arm bids him come hither.

The would be protectors are going their way,
But never are seen in a bloody affray;
Among the dying are the aged and gray,
Their life's gore is staining the sand.

Mighty controversies arise unexpected,
Males in the lead and females connected,
Where some little shack is unlawfully erected;
A plot for blood is at hand.

Outlaws and bandits are awaiting their chance
A abandoned combination to once catch a glance,
Should the cashier enter he would go in a trance,
 Never to be awakened again.

Vagabonds ask for a dry piece of bread,
And mention their wives in Russia as dead,
Grinds "Home, Sweet Home," and a monkey will beg.
 He grinds and grinds but in vain.

Some burly cow-puncher comes reeling that way,
Upsets his organ and sternly will say,
"We will send you to Russia, and there you can stay,
 And drive that monk at your ease."
If Russia is your home you had better depart,
And appeal to the Czar for a lift or a start,
Another month here you'll be rode in a cart,
 And buried beneath barren trees.

Now, loving God, keep Thy patience with thee
And calm this city as thou didst Galilee.
Should the sinner perish but few souls would flee,
 To tell the wrath of the Lord.
Ah! proud inmates, could you but know
The revenge of the Lord, when you trample Him so,
He'll destroy your city as He did Jericho,
 Cease trampling His all holy word.

ANOTHER POCAHONTAS.

I was accosted one morn by Joseph Lee,
Of giant stature, six foot three,
This story at once he told to me,

After passing the time of day:

“Do you see that stream? I wandered there
With my lady, young and fair,
With rosy lips and golden hair,
And cheeks like the dawn of day.

“This happened, sir, three years ago,
In that valley far below,
Where the flowers sway both to and fro;

I was strolling towards my home.
My boat was fastened on the shore,
Where weeks and months it stood before,
For no one came to ply the oar,
And there it rocked alone.

“I saw another on the stream,
Its rippling oars to me did seem
Across the wave to send a gleam;
I was anxious them to know.
They steered ashore, to me did call,
Seven men, I think, in all,
Giants, too, and six feet tall,

And bade me with them go.

“Come with us, young man in prime,
Be prompt, obey, we have no time,
For we must cross the schooner’s line—
 The secret there we’ll tell.
A pistol shone from every belt,
I had no time to cry for help,
At the other side their dogs would yelp;
 They told me all was well.

“They steered across the river’s tide,
Till we could leap to the other side,
And with a chain the boat was tied;
 They bade me with them follow.
I followed on, I knew not where,
The path was winding here and there,
I’d give my life for a single hair.
 They came to a log, ’twas hollow.

“They all knelt down, the appointed one
Drew from the hollow log a gun,
Gave it to me and said, ‘there’s fun
 A little way ahead.
’Tis not a hundred yards,’ said he,
‘Before brave warriors you will see,
The twenty will sleep till eternity,
 They’re numbered with the dead

'They stole my child three weeks ago,
She is with them now, and well I know,
For a brother told me so,

I'll take her home or die.'

Beyond a fire blazed by a log,
We saw beyond a well-dressed dog,
The leader took a dram of grog,
And cries, 'grim death is nigh.'

"We were led direct to their hiding place,
They also joined in the chase,
And cries, "grim death to each pale face,
The many guns would roar.

They saw us, stranger, that is true,
They slay our number all but two,
We killed but four, and wounded few,
Had I known my fate before.

"From the two 'twas spared, one was I,
Stranger, 'twas not my time to die,
My giant partner was standing by
Unarmed as when first born.

They built a fire around a stake,
Says I, my friend, death is our fate,
To scream for help it's now too late,
We are helpless and forlorn.

“We were seized and bound onto a tree—
The blaze each side was reaching me,
Says I, good bye, poor Joseph Lee,
 To me 'tis no surprise.
My friend would cry like a midnight cat,
I had no time to think of that,
Just then, two arms like quads of fat,
 Gently touched mine eyes.

“'Twas another Pocahontas came,
She at once unbound the heated chain,
For being brave gave me her name;
 Plain English she would quote.
My partner burned until he died,
The many tears I could not hide,
This lady spake quite near my side,
 ‘I dared not save you both.’

“I lived some time with this lady, gay,
Naught to do but hunt and play,
I arose one morn and crept away;
 Now I, like you, am free.
May God protect and guard her now,
And guide no blow to smite her brow,
Save her from death in her floating scow
 Is the prayer of Joseph Lee.”

A TRAGEDY: FROM GRAVE TO HELL; OR, ST.
PETER'S LOVE FOR A SOLDIER.

This day I write of a wretched dream
That visited me last night,
Once my hair was red as fire;
But now 'tis snowy white.

Of all the visions ever told,
Fables or facts as well,
I know there is none that can compare
With my trip from earth to hell.

I dreamed of slumbering in a trance;
Friends gathering at my bed;
They placed a mirror o'er my face,
And finally pronounced me dead.

Preparations fast were being made;
I heard my father say,
"Go, dig a grave on yonder hill,
And we'll bury the boy today."

I was grieved, my doom was sealed,
By this world I was forsook;
I'd given my four-dollar dog
To raised either hand or foot.

Three hours passed, and all was well,
The hearse paused at the door;
I heard my mother faintly say,
"Our boy, he is no more."

They took me, then, to an old brick church,
My doom increased the pain,
As they bore me forth, the minister said,
"Though dead, he'll live again."

Could I awoke and told my tale,
Or uttered one loud cry;
I knew that life existed,
And was praying in mind to die.

He took his text and warbled on,
"In God is his protection;
In him was life, but he must sleep
Until the resurrection."

Again I listened, a female spoke,
"He is slumbering with the free;
It will only seem a wink of sleep
From death to eternity."

I soon was on the road again,
With bearers by my side;
I tried to scream, I tried to pray,
While taking a farewell ride.

Ere long I reached the gapping grave,
In God was all my trust;
I tried to turn as the minister said,
"He is gone from life to dust."

Six feet of earth soon held me fast,
My bed was growing hard;
I prayed to God that I might sleep
Till the removal of the yard.

For seven days I slumbered on,
The world was dark as night,
I heard a trumpet and awoke,
And behold! I saw a light.

I raised both hands in faith to God,
And heard a mighty sound,
My form was slowly raising,
Soon I stood upon the ground.

I then arose, but against my will,
And soon was soaring high,
Through one cloud hot, another cold,
While ascending towards the sky.

I passed the clouds, I saw the stars,
And the halo bright and fair;
The man in the moon sang out,
"Where are you bound for, Hair?"

I dared not utter, nor had I time,
My heart was black with sin;
Just then a trap door opened wide,
'Twas I who stumbled in.

"Where am I now," I cried aloud,
As the serpents stung my feet,
"Bring forth the light of mercy; boss,
And show your golden seat."

I saw a red light burning high,
Each side were horns, one pair,
I saw, beyond, gold candle sticks
Towering in the air.

"What next," I heard a voice cry,
That roared like mighty guns,
With, perhaps, but little powder,
Least every inch were lungs.

"Who is there?" he quickly uttered,
"And when did you come in?"
I uttered "'Tis a soldier bold,
And my heart is black with sin.

"I was buried alive, my friend,
And ascended against my will,
I belong to the Thirteenth Infantry,
Stationed at Fort Sill.

“ I demand a home in heaven, sir,
My work was nobly done;
For, often on your stormy nights,
I'd walk post number one.”

“ But that is no excuse, sir,
Your heart is black with sin;
Just wait, and I'll ask Peter
If I can let you in.

“ St. Peter, we have a soldier,
Will I open wide the gate?
He belonged to the Thirteenth Infantry,
And I think he is too late.”

“ Chain him hand and foot, sir,
And lay him in a cell,
Go down and fire the furnace,
Then drop him into hell.”

By George! I wished me back to earth,
For helpless I was laying.
Could I but lived another year,
'Tis true I'd done some praying.

I heard the furnace roaring
Like the ocean's stormy tide,
It seemed my bands were loosening,
And I lay in a slide.

The slide below was growing hot;
I cursed my brothers and sire,
Then in an instant, I saw a light,
And was thrown into the fire.

I screamed aloud, but no one came,
Then cursed in wild dismay;
I cried out, "Ma," and closed mine eyes,
To burn that livelong day.

A hand laid hold my shoulder,
That touch relieved my brain,
Then I heard my bunky sweetly say,
"You have had nighthorse again."

"Great Scott! Harry, I thought me dead,
And astride a red hot donkey."
Now every man will have my prayers
That exists without a bunky.



A DESCRIPTION OF MEDICINE BLUFF.

I wander o'er hills, I wander o'er valleys,
And climb great mountains, my path it is rough,
To picture to all as nature presents it,
The sights I meet upon Medicine Bluff.

Over the ledges and far in the canyon,
A river so gently is flowing along,
As the water retreats to flow twice o'er each pebble,
There reaches my ear this beautiful song.

Over the rocks so long I have traveled,
Time is unknown, I will linger and play,
How the children will laugh when I flow through the
meadow,
And crawl like a worm to the bed of the bay.

How the water wheel rolls when I bound upon it,
And the minnows rejoice that tarry with me,
I never am tired, though flowing forever,
Kissing the rocks and ebbing the sea.

'Tis the height of my pride, at the hours of midnight,
When all is quiet but the fluttering bat,
To leap o'er some rock where the white roots are
visible,
And carry with me the gay water rat.

Above this stream is a rock called ages,
Known to the blues as the pelican's rest;
Into its side as were it carved by a workman,
Is a cross, an anchor, and an old eagle's nest.

The eaglets are quiet, though longing for something,
They look at each other, then upward at me,
I know they are waiting, watching for something,
Perhaps for their mother to return from the sea.

Eggs of all sizes are strewn o'er the ledges,
Seemingly ready, most ready to fall,
Reminds me of school day's when we would assemble
To prepare for the morrow at playing snowball.

The great rattlers hide in every crevice,
And hiss at each other in the narrow way,
When hunger o'ertakes them they crawl o'er the
mountain,
And prowl like the lion in search of his prey.

The wild deer strolls o'er the mountain at evening,
And often are seen by the moon's pale light,
The sloth cries aloud in the valley,
And carries her young at morn's twilight.

I have told you the sights that to me were presented,
I will quietly close, for I've written enough,
And will bid you adieu, as the night falling shadows
Are hovering around upon Medicine Bluff.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HEROES.

Stay away from the army, although you are heroes,
Till the trumpet sounds carnage with every appeal,
And the bright sword of liberty glistens in heaven,
Join your defenders on land or on keel.

May each of you hasten to the field of battle,
Like the tigress to jungles where kangaroo run,
And pause but to strike for those you love dearly,
And renew the loved freedom your forefathers won.

When the bright flag of liberty waves o'er our nation,
The stars become shattered, the red and the blue,
And the shell-mangled hands leave their print on the
standard,
Rally, young heroes, she is flying for you.

When the notes of the cannons peal from every
direction,
And smoke forms the bars where carnage is red,
The grape shot, the outlines, the blood stains, the
spaces,
Keep the banner afloat o'er the heroes that's dead.

When comrades in gore around you are dying,
And the Gatling's sad roar peals out on the blast,
And the prayers from their loved ones that moment
beseeching,
Oh! don't let them beg for a draught from your
flask.

When bullets like hail around you are flying,
And long heated chains cut your broad ranks in
twain,
And the bronze on your bayonet is dimmed by the
bleeding,
Salute the proud banner and rally again.

When your breastworks are rent by the enemy's
cannons,
Remember you're fighting your country to save;
Think of your grandsires, and strike like the adder,
The proud banner follows to the depths of the
grave.

When you spring like the panther with bayonets
forward
And the foe is advancing with bright sabres drawn,
Grim death peals the trump and the wires tell the
story,
And the hard-hearted father mourns when you
are gone.

In one shallow trench thousands will slumber;
Salutes from the cannons will roar o'er the grave,
And you will be mentioned by God's chosen writers;
As together you lie with the honored and brave.

Mothers will mourn and tear their long tresses,
She remembers her child once asleep on her breast—
How he kissed her farewell to join the noble,
The enemies powder last laid him to rest.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

COMPOSED IN AN OKLAHOMA SAND STORM AFTER AN HOUR'S DREAMING.

The sun has sunk, the autumn's sky
Invites twilight, tattoo is nigh.
But here I sit and lie in cramps,
Such is life in soldier camps.

This afternoon I sweetly slept,
While clouds of dust around me swept;
That awful storm, it could not screen
The pleasures of that happy dream.

I thought I had a sister dear,
And many chide because a tear
Came from mine eye and trickled down
And fell quite heavy on the ground.

Once more they gazed, once more they chide,
Because the tears I could not hide;
Some asked, "What do those great tears mean?"
My answer was, "I had a dream.

"I saw in slumber, though far from true,
I had a sister fair as you,
And she, an angel, to us came,
And asked of you her brother's name.

“ When told, she opened the little tent,
And on me angel eyes were bent;
I reached to take her hand so fair,
But only clutched the open air.

“ She told me of her immortal shroud,
And even a brother was not allowed
To touch a spirit that was hurled
To give advice from the other world.

“ But, if I'd leave life for a day,
Hand in hand we'd soar away.
She would take me to the Lord's estate,
And introduce me at the gate.

“ I felt my form grow cold as clay,
And, hand in hand, we soared away.
With thousands of angels, she and me,
Came to the gates of eternity.

“ St. Peter challenged, ‘who comes there?’
‘Angels from out the open air,
We've brought a soldier hard to carry;
His sister found him down at Perry.’

“ St. Peter cries, ‘from whence you come?’
As he shouldered an old flint-lock gun.
‘I came from Perry,’ I murmured low,
‘Where sand storms will forever blow.’

“ ‘ Say, boss, what calibre is your old gun?
When I go home I will send you one;
It will kill a mile, but it’s now at Sill’—
How quick he motioned me keep still.

“ I heard him give his teeth a snap
When he saw the rifles on my cap;
‘ You can not enter here,’ said he,
‘ You belong to the Thirteenth Infantry.

‘ No man from the Thirteenth regulars
Has entered here for forty years;
Unless you change your course of things,
You will never win a pair of wings.’

“ I turned on heel and looked around,
Wondering how I’d reach the ground;
A bright idea ran through my mind,
I grasped the wings, cried, sister bind.

“ Out came Peter with the old flint gun,
I could not fly nor could I run,
Before I had more time to think
He pushed me off the gaping brink.

“ Down I fell like a bullet spent
And struck astride the little tent.
I awoke, some startled by my scream,
But found it only was a dream.”

A CHILD'S FAITH IN GOD.

The silver moon had scarcely risen
On the dark and briny wave,
A ship set sail, her lights were glistening,
Beyond they met a watery grave.

Her sails were set, bright shone her lights;
The water was calm and smooth,
The halo marked the sky that night;
They fast, but gently moved.

We stood and watched her flickering lights,
Then turned to go our way
Saying, "how those souls must rejoice tonight
With God's hand on the sea."

While going home we saw a maiden
Bowed before us on her knees,
And to us these words she uttered:
"Did my papa sail the seas?"

"Who is your father?" my kind friend asked,
"Old or young was he?"
"He trembled, sir, so near his last,
And gray as he can be.

“ It was a dream that brought me here
Today as the clock struck three
I thought I saw a vessel sink
Beneath the briny sea.”

“ My child, we saw your father
And others sail the deep;
But nothing will them bother,
The waves so slowly creep.

“Hark! Don't you hear the thunder.
A breeze begins to blow.
What is coming, I wonder,
Yon clouds move to and fro.”

Soon the sky with clouds was covered,
And the lightning flashed like fire.
The storm has come with its deathly smother,
Let us offer to God a prayer.

We all knelt down together,
The child was first to pray;
She cries to God, “oh! calm the weather
And bring my father back to me.”

We hastened back to the bounding water
From where they sailed an hour before,
Here our hearts longed and faltered
As the winds and thunder roar.

Now the mighty breakers tossing,
 And the rain comes down in floods;
Now the whitecaps round are frothing,
 And the billows foam like suds.

The cruel waves whipped the vessel;
 She kneweth not which way to go,
Nor could she stand and with them wrestle,
 The keel was thrown both high and low.

Soon she was driven to the rocky shore.
 The night was awful, how dark, how dark,
Like mighty cannons the breakers roared,
 And the vessel broke apart.

The screams and shudders of those inside
 Knowing that hour was their last,
Like feathers they were thrown in the raging tide;
 The old man fell on a broken mast.

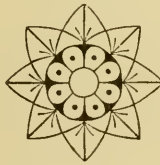
The work was done, the sky was clearing
 And a light shone in the west;
And the father he was coming
 Homeward on a broken mast.

Soon the dawning of the morrow
 Brought to us a glorious day,
We stood on shore enrapt in sorrow
 For the ship that lost her way.

We spied an object on the water
And knowing not what it could be;
Soon outspake his little daughter,
Saying, "there he is, coming back to me."

She brought him back by an answered prayer,
With faith like that of Job;
She prayed again as she saw him there,
Wrapped in a briny robe.

There all that day God's mercy spread,
But at night he awakened the sea,
And from twenty souls that from home had fled,
Nineteen sank to eternity.



ACROSTICS.

Dare not the Sabbath day profane;
Either take the Savior's name in vain.
Light thy neighbor's path of care,
Lead not one to dark despair.

Heed God's word before you die.
And the truth, oh! don't deny.
In all temptations do what's right,
Remember death comes like a thief at night.

Evening is come with its silvery light,
Down I kneel to my God tonight.
Winter is here with its chilly blast,
And oh! that this should be my last.
Read over each name in your book so fair,
Dear Savior of love, is my name written there?

Join me with your band so true.
Oh, give that body thou callest new.
Remember, oh! Lord, though living I am dust,
Direct me to live, love, honor and trust.
Ever I'll pray that I may be forgiven,
Number me, Lord, as an inmate of heaven.

And now, oh! Lord, I come to thee,
None other to ask, oh! merciful be,
Depriving my passions, but know 'tis right;
Remember, oh! God, tis my first tonight.
Early I come and know 'tis best,
Weeping will find my weary soul rest.

My prayer, oh! Lord, it is sincere,
In heaven I know there are crowns to wear,
Trusting all in Thy dear hands,
Caring for naught in these wicked lands,
Heaven will welcome all who will
Enter thou in there are rooms to fill;
Love of thine to me is given,
Life is gained, and I see heaven.

Choosing life forever more,
Honoring God for the crimson gore,
Enwreathed with thorns for you and me,
Staining the cross on Calvary
Trust him, brother, it wont be long,
Enter heaven with that Godly throng.
Read over the list, but I'll be gone.

How happy this life must be to you,
Always a hand to lead you through,
In heaven you'll reap reward by and by,
Roam not like me, afraid to die.

Mother I am mourning for thee today,
And cry, "why were you called away?"
Rather had I my soul, my all
Yielded, instead, to God's death call.

Thou, alone, dear mother, shielded me
Here on earth, when all but thee,
Enraged, would cry, "one fool have we."

Poverty darkened our humble door,
On her raven brow was marked two score,
Entrenched with care, and farther each day
Turned the timely wheels on her locks of gray;
Slowly her cheeks grew pale to me.

Mourning, I sit by this quiet rill,
On every bough I hear a trill,
Telling me not to mourn so long;
Hope to meet the one that's gone.
Ever I'll mourn, pretty birds, soar high,
Rest your throats, I'll return by and by.

A DRUNKARD.

He bloometh at morn, at eve he dies,
And blushes like the lily at day;
Seems tossed by the breeze as alone he walks,
Tasteth death and withereth away.

BATTLE OF MEDICINE BLUFF. FOUGHT AUG. 26,
1892.

Go sharpen all your sabres, boys,
We have but little time;
The cavalry mount their noble steeds,
Form infantry in line.

In haste we'll journey o'er the fields,
Let your courage, lads, be true,
While the bayonets they are glistening
Beneath the flag of red and blue.

The redskins, they are coming,
Clad in their hairy muffs,
We shall meet them hand to hand
Upon Great Medicine Bluffs.

Let us "double time," my boys,
With bayonets all aglow,
If we must, a narrow trench we'll dig,
For the human blood to flow.

We soon will see their lances,
And the deadly poisoned darts,
Aimed, with arrow swiftness,
At our proud and noble hearts.

Halt! Fire! was the next command,
As we fell on every hand;
Then many a painted warrior fell,
And kissed the lusty sand.

We fought them there like demons,
Till blood stained every track,
The greater of their number fell,
And the rest were driven back.

The bloody battle's ended, boys,
And the living, they have fled;
We'll dig a trench upon the bluffs,
And bury the fallen dead.

Farewell, farewell, brave soldier boys,
Your blood was spilt so true,
Taps are blown, thou art wound tonight
In the flag of red and blue.



BATTLE OF RAINY MOUNTAIN; FOUGHT AUG. 28,
1893.

'Twas the twenty-eighth of August,
In eighteen and ninety-three,
Troops were ordered to the front,
From the Seventh Cavalry.

Chief Qunor and his Kiowa band
Were drinking blood for booze
Black Horse assisted in the rear,
With his band of Arapahoes.

Down they rode from Rainy Mount,
Five thousand reds were seen.
To massacre the blue coats,
Who were few and far between.

Overpowered twelve to one
Were the troops of cavalry,
Capt. Rogers ordered to the front
The remaining infantry.

A battalion fast was being formed
To conquer every tyrant,
At "double time" we hastened forth,
In command of Colonel Bryant.

“Assembly” soon was sounded,
The troops held in the rear,
To charge upon the hostile foe
Whene’er they came too near.

Warriors cried like mourning squaws
When the firing first begun,
We followed the captain’s sabre,
As he whirled it in the sun.

Our batteries roared like thunder,
And bullets fell like rain,
They laid the reds and bluecoats low,
As a sickle would the grain.

Above was held the stars and stripes,
And manfully it flew,
The breeze seemed proud as well as we,
To toss the red and blue.

We rallied once around the flag—
A volley we let pour,
And many a hostile redskin fell,
To wallow in his gore.

Another soon was sounded,
Their screams now filled the air,
The squaws would gaze upon their dead,
And, in frenzy, tear their hair.

While I tarry on this earth,
I ne'er'll forget the day;
The dead, the dying, red and white,
In each other's life gore lay.

At dusk our guns were stacked to rest,
And few were left to tell
Whose blood had stained the heather most
Upon this field of hell.

We brought a shovel and a pick,
To a rill we cut a drain,
And the clotted gore clung to the rocks,
Of the countless number slain.

Their mangled bodies soon were laid
Beneath the blood-stained sod,
And a prayer was uttered o'er their graves
In their behalf, to God.

Oh! may their home be heaven,
And the throne of God be near,
Methinks they heard these loving words,
"Come in, you're welcome here."

BEWARE OF WOMEN WITH ROLLING EYES.

In mountains and caverns
Proud women dwell,
To lead mother's boys
Through sin, down to hell.

Like serpents they are spared
To exist in our land;
They venture to offer
A frail powdered hand.

They're afraid of God's light,
And abscond in the day,
But wander in darkness
In search of their prey.

'Tis now their sweet songs
Pour forth on the air,
They tell mother's boys
No voice can compare.

Better were their victims
In the lowest chain gangs,
Than stung by these serpents,
With poisonous fangs.

They know they must die,
So frail is their stem,
And would like the whole world
On an equal with them.

They are known to all men
By their proud rolling eye,
As too wicked to live,
And not fit to die.

They twist and they smile,
Cry, "sweetheart, come here,
'Tis long since I saw you,
And dry is my gear."

To those proud women,
Young men, bid adieu,
They tarry in darkness,
Waiting for you.

You are young and weak minded
And their faces, so fair,
Will bring mother's boys
To their graves or despair.

COMPOSED WHILE SERVING A TEN DAY SENTENCE IN A DARK CELL FOR LOUD AND BOISTEROUS SINGING.

Dark is the night, not a ray of light
Is thrown in the prisoner's cell,
The hours so long, the bars so strong,
In this dreary vault of hell.

He calls the hour from the guard-house tower,
The sentry on his post,
When I hear his feet on the path, long beat,
I miss my freedom most.

I see a light this stormy night,
And a voice mutters, "Hair."
In this hellish place they watch my face
As were a murderer sleeping there.

The light has fled, and, like the dead
That slumber in a tomb,
Not a sound is heard but some happy bird—
I sleep in this hellish gloom.

Awakened by "halt!" outside my vault,
"Who cometh upon my way?"
An answer came that echoed plain,
"The officer of the day."

“Advance, sir, this sleet that long has beat,
I scarcely can endure;
Nevertheless, I’ve done my best,
And the prisoner is secure.

“Load your gun should the giant run,
And end his intended wrongs;
Last evening, late, he kept me awake
With his loud and boisterous songs.

“And if caught by whom he’s sought,
As a hunter would an otter,
Bind his feet with chains long beat,
Then give him bread and water.”

“Thou fool,” thinks I, “so unfit to die,
A disgrace to our nation.”
I scarce can see for the bars of steel,
How escape this humiliation.

I bitterly wept, and then I slept,
Was comforted by sweet dreams,
Saw home and mother, a loving brother,
And rays, as the morning beams.

I awoke—how dark, not a light or spark
Was shining in my cell,
My happy dreams were now such scenes
No mortal tongue can tell.

I saw men dead before my bed,
And lighted skulls of demons,
Tarantulas now would sting my brow—
Nor had I delirium tremens.

For help I cried to the one outside;
No voice reached his ear.
I lay alone and every bone
Was benumbed with cold and fear.

I thought I fell in depths of hell,
And, helpless, there I lay;
I awoke aright, 'twas a gleam of light
From the breaking of the day.

I prayed for light the next dark night
To the loving God, above,
Who heareth all that in faith will call
The great, great God of love.



DRIFTING ON THE DEEP.

'Twas twilight on the ocean wide,
A breeze kissed all and smiled,
And the waves were rocking gently,
As a mother lulls her child.

I kindly asked two friends of mine
With me to take a ride,
My boat is anchored firmly
Down yonder on the tide.

We soon reached the sandy shore,
Gulls above were flocking,
And not a hundred yards from us
My boat was gently rocking.

Says Willie, "to hold us three,
That boat, lads, is too small;
And what if we should lose our way
Or be drifted by a squall?"

"The boat is light but strong, Willie,
None other can us pass;
The sides are ribbed with iron,
And the keel is made of brass."

· We were seated in the little boat;
Each heart was light and free,
And the oars they dipped with laughter
As they pushed us far at sea.

The shadow of night hung o'er the deep,
And happy were we three
As we turned about to reach the shore
Upon the briny sea.

“We're lost, were lost,” young Willie cries,
“And the heavens are so black.”
Our boat struck fair a seaward current
And we we're drifting back.

Not a word by one was spoken,
But the frothing billows said,
“Pray to God while you are drifting.
One is numbered with the dead.”

Then I heard a mighty roaring,
And I saw a watery grave;
Young Willie lost his balance
And was thrown upon the wave.

“He's gone, he's gone,” the other cries,
“Young Willie is no more,
And his mother will be praying
Upon the distant shore.”

All night we lingered there alone,
And often did we weep,
To think of our companion
Now tossing in the deep.

The morning dawned with beauty,
The bright sun kissed the sea;
We thought of friends and mother
Praying to God for three.

We reached the shore at mid-day,
Each print was plainly read,
The one made by the weaker
Was numbered with the dead.

We asked the One in heaven,
Who doeth all things best,
To bless his lonely mother
And grant to him sweet rest.



EARLY MARRIAGE AMONG THE TRIBES.

From the many different tribes we learn,
If blessed with the permission,
Their foolish thoughts, their curious ways;
Also their superstition.

The enlightened tribes of prairie lands
Are the Comanches, Crows and Sioux,
The most uncivilized tribes are
The Apaches and Arapahoes.

Marriage among the different tribes
Differs but little, if any;
Their proceedings are, I will say, alike—
I've witnessed very many.

They are married by chiefs when very young;
Often five or ten;
When the ceremony is completed
They take them home again.

First, they are stood before a light,
Their chief will bring two rings,
Place them firm around each neck,
And bind between with strings.

Could you hear the questions asked,
You would titter from head to toe;
To every thing she answers "yes,"
And he says naught but "no."

“Will you support him all through life,
And never think of play,
Bring all the meat and water,
And let him sleep all day?

“Will you stake the tepee down,
And, if a horse you lack;
Will you search the forest old,
And bring poles upon your back?

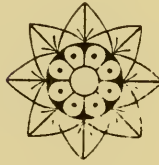
“And if you think he’s sleeping cold,
Or chilled his noble breast,
Will you bring the poles at once,
And never stop to rest?

“You must comply with all requests,
Although it costs your life;
If you will promise this with faith,
I’ll pronounce you man and wife.”

“Oh, yes,” the child will answer,
“Are you sure that is all?
Then you say that I must answer
To every little call.”

“If you don’t,” cries spunky John,
“I tell you there’ll be war;
If it did not better me,
What would I marry for?”

They are now cut loose to go their way
Alone, through trials and fears;
Unless death o'ertakes them on their path,
They'll rejoin again in years.



FOR SOME ONE TO READ.

I know a fair lady she dwells in your town,
Her cheeks are like roses, her hair forms a crown,
Her features are perfect as the white lily leaves,
And her voice is tender as the gentlest breeze.

I dwelt with this lady many seasons ago,
From the path she trod I would clear out the snow,
When she reads these verses, she'll know where I mean,
And remember the house with the shutters of green.

I know she's forgotten the happy chore boy
Who cared for the lambs while singing in joy;
My heart for this lady oftentimes would burn
As I entered the schoolroom, my lessons to learn.

This lady I loved and do to this day;
Her raven brow smiled at the sun's brightest ray,
Nor will I forget when she told me take warning,
I expressed my thoughts at the fireside one morning.

I tarried in silence, her friend told a part,
Those words from this lady ever wounded my heart.
While reading these verses, I pray thee take heed,
They were written especially for some one to read.

HIS PITIFUL STORY.

I saw a little urchin,
Not many months ago,
Standing on a corner,
Where the chilly winds did blow.

His golden locks were frosted,
The dimple on his cheek
Blushed with shame and sadness,
As he begged a bite to eat.

“ Oh! grant,” said the little one,
“ Do not pass me by,
I know your heart is tender
By the tear that dims the eye.”

“ There’s none, my little fellow,
More tenderer than I,
I am only lending to the Lord,
And never pass one by.”

“ You’re the one I was to find,
God said I’d find him there,
My steps were guided hither,
He answered my last prayer.”

IN MIND I AM A CHILD TONIGHT.

Years passeth by, my joints grow strong,
And loved ones from earth have took flight,
I am numbered a man in my coarse coat of blue,
But in mind I'm a child tonight.

Like the eagle, disturbed by an unsteady aim,
My playmates are banished from sight,
Could I hear their sweet laugh, 'twould cheer me again,
For in mind I'm a child tonight.

How weary my path since to manhood I've grown,
No mother to bid me go right,
In a twinkling I'm changed from heartless to mourn,
For in mind I'm a child tonight.

Could I run through the fields of clover, so green,
And cling to the cord of my kite,
Then motion to brother to toss it again—
For in mind I'm a child tonight.

Oh! had I the cord firm in my grasp
That in boyhood has drove him to fright,
I would let loose the rope and send him down hill,
For in mind I'm a child tonight.

Oh! were I engaged in our contests now,
I would cry to father for spite,
And bleed my hands, cry, "Chet done that."
For in mind I'm a child tonight.

By fetters of death and earth they are held,
The God has spared me to write,
Oft my songs are tuned by the cannon's sad roar,
But in mind I'm a child tonight.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF A CHILD, DAVID ROBINSON.

I should have written this years ago,
But knew not how to, then,
This day has fled, the night is come,
I grasp my weary pen.

My thoughts wander out like a dream
To the child, once young and brave,
The tender hand that mine has held
Now moulders in the grave.

He left his home one summer's morn
With children gay, to swim,
Though many trials the lad had borne,
Now death awaited him.

Some angel waited on the shore,
God's message there to tell;
The child was hastening to that place
To answer, "all is well."

Soon the lad was called to death,
But he, who knew no fear,
Smiled and answered to his name
With, "Father, I am here."

The message found his mother's heart,
And crape outside would sway,
Soon the boy was laid in his narrow bed,
And the mother knelt to pray.

And ever will I bear in mind,
While seasons come and go,
The smile that read, "I died in peace,"
In his casket, white as snow.

Slumber on. Oh! how lonely
Seems the living here today,
A mother's darling sweetly slumbers
In his tomb beneath the clay.

Thou shalt ever be remembered,
While the storms of life blow past,
When cold death ends this earthly journey,
We may meet you there at last.



IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER LAST, DON'T FORGET
ME WHEN I AM GONE, NORA WHEELER.

On this page is closely written,
And when those weeping eyes you cast
To read the last of her that's smitten,
Think of where we laid her last.
Cruel death, you found her waiting
To touch and spring thy hidden snare.
Here we mourn and scarce remember.
She has passed all earthly care.

On yonder hillside she is slumb'ring,
Flowers mark her resting place,
'Twas there her friends and dear relations
Saw the last of Nora's face.
Years will come and go, but never
Will we see our child again,
Oft we murmur "'twas for the better,
She has passed all earthly pain."

Up in heaven, far in heaven,
She is waiting for to come
Friends to meet her in the future,
She will gladly welcome home.
I know her soul is blessed by Jesus,
And others lull our child to rest;
God smiles and she takes her slumber—
Our Nora dwelleth with the blessed.

I AM MOURNING FOR MOTHER, STRANGER.

FIRST VOICE.

“What art thou doing, pretty maid,
Upon this lonely shore?
Are you fond of the albatross,
And the billows mighty roar?

“And do you love to stroll, my child,
Where no one takes thy hand,
The path is old, and naught I see,
But a child’s print in the sand?

“Tell me, child, why tarry here—
Who left thee here alone?
Perhaps the child of a fisherman,
And lost thy way towards home.

“Or, do you love the mighty deep,
Its breezes cool and free,
Were you once led by a tender hand
Now cold beneath the sea?

“Tell me, child, why tarry here,
Thou never needst to fear,
But you must know a sad, sad tale,
In answer for the tear.”

SECOND VOICE.

“I am gathering pretty shells, said she,
That wash upon the shore,
The long, long days are passed
Much quicker than before.

“Once I loved the forest green,
The warbling of the birds,
I’d pluck the flowers from off each mound
And watch the grazing herds.

“Ah! sad changes came at last,
For now, I long to see
The white gulls flying o’er,
And the working of the sea.

“I’ve a bitter tale of woe to tell;
My heart, it aches with pain,
Often great tears flow, sir,
And print the sand like rain.

“I walked this shore not long ago,
Another marked the sand,
’Twas the footprint of a mother,
And she led me by the hand.”

FIRST VOICE.

“What! a mother, child, not long ago
Led you by the deep?
Now thou art wandering here alone—
No wonder, child, you weep.

“Ah! I’ve learned your mother’s dead,
And thou art left alone,
She surely has filled a watery grave,
And left her child no home.

“Tell me all about her fate,
The happy days that’s fled;
And is your father living,
Or numbered with the dead?

“Why watch so mournfully the sand,
When the billow heave and roar?
Do you think your mother, dear,
Will wash upon the shore?

“I’ll listen your reply, my child.
Then leave you by the sea;
Though I’ve a home that’s blessed by God,
Thou art welcome there with me.

SECOND VOICE.

“Before you go, I’ll tell my tale,
’Tis sad, but ah! how true;
My father and mother slumber
Not many leagues from you.

“My father was a fisherman
And feared no stormy tide;
He rowed his skiff with pleasure,
With mother at his side.

“One morn a billow opened,
That only seemed to creep,
But closed again like lion’s jaws,
And sank them in the deep.

“There is no rest since mother died;
Kind stranger, pass me by.
*My days are numbered here below,
For soon I’ll pray and die.”

IN REMEMBRANCE OF LUTHER HARMON, OF
ADVENTIST FAITH, AS TOLD BY THE
WEeping WILLOW.

An angel's gold trump has pealed a loud carnage,
And called home to Father a loved one he gave,
He took from our midst one son and brother,
To slumber alone in the depths of the grave.

Cruel death, thou has brought him asunder,
Cold is the bed you have made for his rest;
But the world and its cares are unknown to Luther,
Why mourn for him, parents, God loved him
best.

The barren twigs sigh and sad eyes are weeping,
And the hard beaten path cries for Luther today,
"He is gone," cries the willow, death o'ertook him,
I am planted, as ever, to mourn for his prey.

"You ask, 'why take your one son and brother?'
At the voice of God, his sad work begins;
But I, the willow, heard him repeating,
'I welcome Thee, Savior, thou hast pardoned my
sins.'

"Once more he spake to grim death approaching,
'Be there any unforgiven? my Jesus, forgive.'
'He that believeth on me,' said the Savior,
'Though he be dead, yet shall he live.'

“ Beneath my boughs he takes a short slumber,
Firm is the earth but he shall hear the sound
Of the angel’s gold trump, calling him hither,
When he answers, ‘I fall to the undisturbed
ground.’

“ I am mourning today for God’s child that’s sleeping,
At an angel’s sweet whisper, was quickly enticed;
Now he is sleeping, sweetly he’s sleeping,
Only to awake at the coming of Christ.

“ Mourn not for Luther, parents and sisters,
Thou he be dead, and you hear him no more,
The tomb and its fetters shall be rent asunder
Triumphantly he’ll stand on the glorious shore.”



I WILL GIVE THE MULE TO FATHER.

My father owned an old gray horse,
He would do most anything,
Stand up, lie down or mount a keg,
And go double through a ring.

One day, my father went away,
I made a mammoth stool,
When Johnnie would not mount it,
I gave him for a mule.

Then mother spake, "you foolish thing,
To us you're expense and bother."
Said I, "Mother, do not weep,
I will give the mule to father.

"The owner says he never kicks,
And seldom is he lame,
Will work at any spot or place,
And Brigham is his name."

His feet were oblong, round, and square,
One could find him by his track,
His sides looked like a washboard
With saw teeth in his back.

His tail was short, one eye was gone,
Both ears inclined to lop;
He would heave just like the bellows
In father's blacksmith shop.

I left him standing at his ease
And started toward the hay,
On returning he backed against the wall
And braced all feet to bray.

His voice, being so very weak,
I could scarce describe a note;
On examining the mule much closer, found
A tumor in his throat.

Father came about midnight,
Not thinking any harm,
And knowing every nook and corner,
Went lightless to the barn.

This being the mule's first sight of pa,
And preferring an introduction,
Sent him sprawling in the air
Like a volcanic eruption.

I awoke, but pa had gone,
A great hole rent the roof,
Streaks of fire, like comets' tails,
Showed the prints of Brigham's hoof.

I saw my father when he fell
 Across a mammoth stick,
He uttered one loud cry, then said,
 “What made our Johnnie sick?”

“I cannot tell you, father,
 He seemed to eat his hay;
I think you surprised your Johnnie,
 Being gone from home all day.”

My father never uttered more,
 Nor lived to see the token;
But said, “good bye, my honest boy,”
 When every bone was broken.

Since father's dead and in his grave,
 I've made this a rule;
When Brigham's days are numbered
 Never to own another mule.

JUST THE SAME AS EVER.

I am seated today on a lonely shore.
Green sprigs around are growing,
The happy squirrel assists her young,
And the maple her seed is sowing,
Pale are the leaves that o'er me swing,
The frost their stems will sever,
The river glides on to the sea,
Just the same as ever.

The beautiful vine is twined to rest,
It fears the stormy weather—
Has taken in sail, but holds its fruit
For a maiden's hand to gather.
Here wheels of time make little change,
With God's hand at the lever.
He takes but brings their beauty back,
Just the same as ever.

Not so with mortals on this earth,
The loved by us embraced
Too late, for we have seen a smile
That n'er can be replaced.
Thus we wait below, to die
And cross that gloomy river.
'Tis there I know my Jennie 'll stand
Just the same as ever.

I fear no death, for God is love,
But left me here to tarry,
In my brain a burden's cast,
All that I can carry;
I see in dreams the one I loved—
Forget her? No, I'll never—
My manhood tears come forth today
Just the same as ever.



LOVED BUT LOST.

The golden sun was setting,
On a pleasant eve in May
O'er the wild prairie,
At the close of one sad day,
As the last rays quickly vanished
In a distant plot of wood,
We could see upon the battle field
A lonely soldier stood.

Pondering in meditation
On some subject that was rare,
He did not seem to notice
That we were in miles out there,
He was leaning on his rifle,
His belt around him hung,
And o'er his manly shoulder
A haversack was swung.

In stature, he was slender;
Complection, he was fair;
His blue eyes fixed on vacancy,
At which he now did stare;
At last his speech commanded,
And quickly fell the tears;
"My only son is murdered,
Whom I've watched over for years."

LIFE COMPARED TO A BILLOW.

God giveth life and strength from heaven,
And with both true sorrow gave;
This life is but a frothing billow,
From the womb down to the grave.

Burdened wings of care fly o'er us,
Protected from the storms on shore,
Remains the embryo but awakens
Like the wave, by the boatman's oar.

The winds change, another mortal
Begins at morn a life's career;
By gentle breezes, both are living,
May either fall to right or rear.

One reaches boyhood, oh! how slowly,
Trouble shrieks, he lies below;
He is only dreaming of the morrow,
Is ruled by hands swayed to and fro.

Another, and he forward dashes,
Gaining strength from every side,
Leaving boyhood, reaching manhood,
Now he's bounding with the tide.

In prime of life, storms are raging;
 He tries to halt but glideth on,
He cries aloud, "life fast is fleeting;"
 With both the creeping days are gone.

Now they're sweeping mighty billows
 O'er the broad and raging main,
One shall carry boats to harbor,
 One will strive the world to gain.

Now the storms of life are shrieking,
 Higher, higher, is hurled the spray,
Bound for shore to wait the morrow;
 Soon the old man's hair is gray.

The voices of both grow weaker,
 Louder billows drown their roar,
To their resting place they're driven,
 One to grave and one to shore.

The wave is dead, a soul is dying,
 Both are numbered as deceased,
One the mighty storms awakens,
 And one when Christ comes in the east.

MY AMBITION WHEN A BOY.

One summer's day, when a lad at home,
My father said to me,
"Let us go forth and plow, my boy,
While the breeze is cool and free."

Who could ask for gentler words
Than father had just spoken?
Who could mention a nobler task?
But still my heart was broken.

To think of labor in the distant field,
And two gates that spanned the lane,
I would tremble like an aspen leaf,
And curse this mortal name.

The team was hitched to the oaken beam,
The whip swung to and fro,
I grew sick at thoughts of it,
But knew 'twas best to go.

The grass that wavered o'er the field,
And flowers, one by one,
Were buried, all in depths alike,
No more to view the sun.

Once more the black earth kissed the breeze,
And father, he would say,
“It rejoices my heart to till the soil
And labor day by day.”

Weeks passed by, and father said,
“I will finish on the morrow,
Then will labor in yonder field
And leave you here to harrow.”

The morning came, I started forth
My heart bore down like lead,
To think of laboring there all day—
I wished that I were dead.

At length I reached the dismal field
And labor was begun,
Methinks I worked ten minutes
Before gazing at the sun.

I, like many other boys,
Had but little sense,
I drove the team once round the field
And hitched them to the fence.

In the shade my noble form
Lay prostrate on the ground,
To watch the hills for father's head,
And dinner bells to sound.

I turned by pockets inside out
 To find a cake of soap,
That I so long had carried,
 When about to take a mope.

Proud was I to find the cake,
 My brain work now was done,
The shade was fully a rod away,
 So I lay me in the sun.

I slowly crept beneath the tree,
 And closed mine eyes of blue;
Not many boys were there like me,
 So faithful, good, and true.

My courage increased, I fell asleep;
 Soon awoke, to my surprise
The sun, now beaming in the west,
 Had scorched my face and eyes.

Once more I viewed the hills with care,
 And there beheld my father,
I dipped my soap into the ditch,
 And covered the team with lather.

“Get out of this,” was my loud cry,
 I used the whip quite free,
The team was stiff and scarce could walk,
 And jointless seemed poor me.

Soon I heard my father yell,
 " My boy, 'tis afternoon."
" Yes, and I have done my task,
 And will be there very soon."

" That's my boy," I heard him say,
 And plain it reached my ear,
My heart was beating in my throat,
 For fear that he'd come near.

I unhitched the team and started home,
 Met father on the way;
" Don't work the team so hard, my boy,
 They are very lank today."

" I know they are, but thought like this:
 That I had just begun,
And marked at first a task to do,
 You know it must be done."

" Well, you are my noble boy,
 I feel that you've done right,
Just hitch the team into the barn
 And sleep from now till night."

How quick I moved at that command,
 I slept till day had fled;
At morn I left, I feared his arm,
 And know not what he said.

MY AFFLICTIONS THROUGH LIFE.

I will tell you all diseases
That's visited me through life,
From the time I first drank saffron,
Till I took my seventh wife.

I first was born an invalid,
As crooked as a vine,
But slowly I have straightened out,
Training me in time.

I now will tell my story,
You'll wonder I'm not dead,
For I've been sore afflicted
From feet unto my head.

First intoeing grow nails,
The worst you ever saw,
Next granulated eyelids,
Deafness and lock-jaw.

And I have had sprained ankles,
Diphtheria and gout,
Been crippled with rheumatism
Till I scarce could get about.

At Kingans I lost three fingers
While working with a cleaver,
And once was nearly skinned alive.
After having scarlet fever.

Cramps are very numerous now,
Especially in my knees,
I can always tell what's coming,
A simoon, hail or breeze.

I, too, have had chest trouble,
Oft my heart would cease to beat,
If, being then in company,
I would tremble hands and feet.

I have had catarrh and asthma,
And dreamed of being dead,
I've also felt from heaven
Wrath pouring on my head.

Earache I've not forgotten,
Big-head, too, as well,
I oft imagine serpents
Are crawling in my cell.

From lumbago and sciatica,
Oh! could I once be free;
If a martyr to St. Vitus' dance
You know how to pity me.

Bronchitis and neuralgia,
Accompanied by toothache,
Nearly sets me crazy,
When the ague makes me shake.

Corns, warts and bunions
Upon my joints grow.
Gum boils and salt-rheum
Fills my soul with woe.

And, reader, I've had home troubles
That deserve no little attention,
Aches and pains in regions wide,
Too numerous to mention.

Of late my limbs are wasting,
Now slim as any crane;
I often feel quite loony,
With that tumor on my brain.

Of late I'm growing blind,
Now scarce nowhere to go;
So much was held in store for me,
My hair is white as snow.

Now, if you ever find my grave,
I pray thee shed a tear,
And tell your friends who know me not,
A sufferer is sleeping here.

I have not told half my troubles,
 Though life is just begun,
By my seven wives I'm haunted,
 And am scarcely twenty-one.



MT. ETNA AS DESCRIBED BY A SHEPHERD.

The giant Mount Etna, of Sicily, is belching,
Heaving her ashes as never before,
Like an army in action her craters are roaring,
And down her broad sides the lava doth pour,

It pauses to boil like a great swelling river,
Then seemingly pours in a bottomless well,
Like the falls of Niagara it roars amid thunder,
And no eye has witnessed this great pit of hell.

Now she is quiet, like the lion that's sleeping,
Though far in her bowels is heaping corruption,
As heartless as the tiger that hides until evening,
Is only preparing for another eruption.

Then a rumbling is heard like the wheels of a chariot,
As were its steeds frightened on China's great wall,
And louder and louder like the rushing of water,
Descending from heaven on some mountain tall.

An outburst is heard that jars the whole island,
Like a volley of shells that together take flight,
And loaded with meteors ascending towards heaven—
The island of darkness is now turned to light.

The heavens are lighted like the feast of Belshazzar,
Once black as crepe, again white as wool,
The craters will shriek like a whale that is wounded,
Or swam too far in Newfoundland's pool.

She again is quiet, like the lamb that is sleeping,
Will awake like the lion aroused by its prey,
And roar like the voice of God amid water,
And pour out her lava at the closing of day.

The shepherd is dead that told me this story,
His smiles, how plainly I see them today,
Methinks he stands as once, and describing
The two great eruptions of volcano Etna.



MICHAEL AND PAT.

One Michael and Pat, so I've heard say,
Just landed safe in America.

Mike said, "Pat, do you know we are free?
Let us walk around, there is sights here to see."

First, they spied a small boat on a swift running
stream,
Said Pat, "that's a coffin, for its minus of steam."

And he picked up the oars, hewed down so neat,
"Don't you see, Mike, foot boards for their feet?"

Mike looked at the boat, then at the tide,
"Let us show the people that live men can ride.

"I know it's a coffin it's constructed so low;
Shove it off, Pat, and away we will go."

"Perhaps," said Pat, "we can get a lord's daughter,
When they see the coffin glide over the water."

They shoved off the boat, roaring with laughter,
And down it went a mile a minute or faster.

"Stop it," cried Mike, "we're going too fast,
I see nothing beyond but what we're soon past."

* * * * *

Then he cried aloud when he came to his senses,
“ They send them in this way to save burial expenses.”

“ I will shove in my feet to a certain degree,
And you see, Mike, if the boat runs as free.

“ How is that,” cried Pat, “ do you think all is well?”

“ And sure,” cried Mike, “ how can I tell?”

“ There’s a snag, Pat, pull your feet out !”
He was too slow and his trousers too stout.

And there he hung, as though by a knot,
He tried to say something, Mike could not tell what.

He spake to himself, his hopes were much brighter,
“ No loss without gain, the coffin is lighter.”

Soon the boat sprung a leak, for help he did shout,
Says he, “ you are sweating, I will let you all out.”

Down through the bottom another hole went,
He knifed in another to give the first vent.

His chance for life was now very slim,
He rolled up his trousers and stood on the rim.

Says Mike, “ I am dying, my hands how they quiver.
My heart has stopped beating and so has my liver.”

The boat struck a rock being in the wrong track,
And the shore caught Mike on the broad of his back.

Soon he revived and arose to his feet,
Saying, "death in America is the first thing to meet.

"Poor Pat is dead, I am living, but where?
Now listen, oh! Lord, while I offer a prayer."

He moved on slowly with the gentlest breeze,
When he saw dead Patrick he fell on his knees.

He winked both eyes and dampened his tongue,
And then his prayer was gently begun.

"This is the first time my prayer ever sounded,
Nor never before was my partner drowned.

"Oh! Lord, you may think this prayer mighty slim,
It's especially intended for the one on the limb.

"Of course you'll excuse me the first time I pray,
It has gone and, Lord, will you answer today?"

MY MICHIGAN.

My Michigan, thy glories shine,
Many tales are told that sound divine,
Thou art my home, I call thee mine,
My Michigan.

Thou art the mother of great men,
Some wield the sword others steer the pen,
They leave thee, but return again,
My Michigan.

The great lakes wash thy fertile soil,
'Tis true, your Cleveland men are loyal,
And for the right they sorely toil,
My Michigan.

Your great pine sways both to and fro,
'Tho' loaded with the crystal snow,
And the happy deer he roams below,
My Michigan.

When the spring is come the frogs will peep,
And o'er the fields the warm winds sweep,
'Tis then the farmer prepares to reap,
My Michigan.

Thy paths are worn by the maiden's tread,
Their cheeks will blush like rubies red,
It seems all earthly care is fled,
My Michigan.

None need perish for food or fire,
A man is worthy of his hire,
The vilest drunkard thy laws admire,
My Michigan.

The smelter's on Superior's shore,
Are melting tons of copper ore,
And millions of bars are kept in store,
My Michigan.

You have made my home a glorious sight,
Your vale of progress shineth bright.
Others appeal to thee for laws and right.
My Michigan.

NOBODY MOURNS WHEN A SOLDIER DIES.

Nobody weeps, nobody cries,
Nobody mourns when a soldier dies.

Only these words from a comrade said,
“The brave boy is numbered with the dead.”

We all must go, early or late,
It matters not how we meet our fate.

Once more it is said, then forever passed by,
“All that’s expected of a soldier is to die.”

After a battle, for fear of the stench,
All of the fallen are laid in one trench.

Not one thinks of heaven while heaving the sod,
Not a word is read from the scriptures of God.

They left home and mother to battle alone,
For the numberless fallen not even a stone.

So judge for yourself, as time passes by,
“All that’s expected of a soldier’s to die.

Perhaps there’s a mother, whose tears do flow,
And dampen the path she trods here below.

She thinks of her boy, once free as the wave,
Whose heart is cold in an unknown grave.

ODE TO THE FLAG.

The stars and the stripes
Giveth peace to our souls,
I am longing to taste
The breeze from its folds.

The wild storm retreats
For it loves to toss thee,
On each star and each stripe
It reads, "liberty."

Thou hast soldiers that's living,
All waiting to die,
They would brace your fair standard
Till the stars could not fly.

Few nations are waiting
That standard to sever,
Today thou art floating
More proudly than ever.

She loves that peace
That freedom has won,
For us she would conquer
As for Washington.

They fear thee, as of old,
For, a long time ago,
When but thirteen stars shone,
You filled England with woe.

In generations that's gone,
When George wore the crown,
And sent here his army
To trample thee down.

George Washington held thee,
And said, "we'll be free."
You conquered, victorious,"
In seventeen eighty-three.

Then England, disappointed,
Withdrew her weak men,
But in eighteen and twelve
They tried you again.

Once more you won nobly,
No more will they try
To rend thee asunder,
While forty stars fly.

ODE TO DEATH.

Cruel death, where art thy charms,
 Your tales are in sculptures borne,
Men mention thee as reward for sin,
 You've made the millions mourn.

Few have welcomed thee, oh! death,
 And none has bade thee come,
You've destroyed families, made great tombs,
 Left tearless eyes in none.

You fly on wings that never tire.
 And pause at every door,
Sting thy victims with a touch,
 Then to his neighbor's soar.

You call them all, though hid from view,
 Their wealth can hinder naught,
The rich and poor must go alike,
 Thy mercy is never bought.

I've told you all, oh! cruel death,
 You the rich man's plans unfold,
Sons and mothers plead in vain,
 For thy mercy on their souls.

PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF BENAVIDIES, THE
NOTORIOUS OUTLAW.

On the border of old Mexico,
They trailed them through the sand,
The notorious Benavidies
And his treacherous, merciless band.

Darkness came with fearful storms,
Their feet now ceased their tread,
They supposed the band of outlaws were
Five hundred miles ahead.

The bugle sounded "take thy rest,"
Their horses were in herd,
Like a child on its mother's breast
Slept I, troop of the third.

Scarcely had they dreamed of home,
When their scouts, both aged and gray,
Cried out among the slumbering men,
"They are but one mile away."

In midst of chaparral they sleep,
Like an infant that's new-born,
The sentry, too, is slumbering,
And would not wake till morn.

The message reached the captain's ear,
Men awoke from everywhere,
The silver bugle soon was grasped,
"Boots and saddles" filled the air.

Between the notes of Maner's trump,
The captain cries, "all's well,"
And, like a driven fire, they fled
Through the thorny chapparal.

The crushing of the brush below,
The commands so firmly spoke;
The sleeping sentinel at his post
O'erheard them and awoke.

He then aroused his heartless band,
They dared do nothing more
Than abscond again in the old dugout,
And firmly bolt the door.

To their hiding place they rode,
"Dismount," the bugle sounded,
And like red ants with a wingless fly,
The dugout was surrounded.

"Open the door," cried Captain West,
"Or we'll burn it o'er your head."
Sir John Owllett stood near
To interpret what they said.

“ We are not guilty,” the bandit cried,
 “ We stopped here for the night;
Our steeds are tired, a man is dead,
 We’re waiting the precious light.”

“ Come this way,” the captain cried,
 “ Or you’re numbered with the dead.”
Slowly he confronted them,
 With pistol at his head.

“ You’re Benavidies,” the captain cried,
 “ At the blasting of the horn
You shall be shot until you die,
 And that at early morn.”

“ Spare me, spare me,” the bandit cried,
 “ I love neither blood nor war,
My name is Benavidies,
 But it’s brother you’re looking for.”

They lighted a match, his guilty eye
 Poured forth a bitter tear,
And like a coward he cried out
 “ My band is not all here.”

“ Tell me then,” the captain cried,
 “ If absconded, where they lay.
Dare not refuse to grant it, sir,
 Or you shall not live till day.”

He, trembling like a tiny sprig,
Told everything he knew,
And going on as they were bade
Found every statement true.

Soon they took their belts and arms,
With peace each soul was blessed;
Then taking them to Rio Grande,
Confined them with the rest.

They were tried for theft and murder,
And one-fifth of a century
Have they to labor every day
In the merciless penitentiary.



PROCEEDINGS OF THE APACHES BEFORE THEIR
DECEASED.

When a redskin dies, of either sex,
The tribe will gather round,
And the staunchest heart will pause with fear,
As they list the mournful sound.

The dead at once are bathed in wine
And thrown upon their breast,
The medicine man will stroke his head
And murmur, "take thy rest."

They now are hurled upon their knees,
In the air is swung a lance,
They build a fire around the dead
And calmly sing and dance.

Next they halt upon a line,
The chief his works will tell,
He takes the mucous from every mouth,
When examined, says, "all's well."

The bucks are stilled, the squaws still chant,
And hold a well shaped stone,
Scream and apply it to their lance,
And carve them to the bone.

The dead are bound upon a board,
A scaffold is erected there,
The chief will order them bound on high,
To breathe the morning air.

A rifle is also buried low,
Provisions, too, are found,
A sufficiency for seven days,
Till they reach the hunting-ground.

Next they gather every thing
In possession of the dead,
Worthless or gold, it matters not,
In flames it soon has fled.

His steed is shot and buried low,
'Tis believed for him to ride,
The seventh day the corpse is lowered
And buried at his side.

They say he is dashing o'er the plains,
While his home is a scene of peril,
Though long they'll mourn around his grave,
This is a warrior's burial.

QUIETLY THEY SLEEP IN TEXAS.

There's an outlaw's grave in Texas,
I found the mound today,
Where many a daring hero
Has mouldered long, they say.

"See that mound," spake natives,
"Where feed the goat and fawn?
There many a hero is sleeping
With belt and pistol on."

Some friend has planted there a tree,
Its drooping boughs hang low,
It seems to moan as alone it swings
In the breezes to and fro.

No fence surrounds that lonely place,
No stone is erected there,
No trace is left of a human hand,
But the mound and mouldering bier.

I bade farewell to the lonely grave,
A bitter tear I shed,
Then left the outlaw's resting place,
Who had fought and freely bled.

RHEUMATISM.

As white as snow the patient grows,
With fingers stiff and swollen toes,
Around the room he slowly goes,
This scourge is coming, well he knows—
Rheumatism.

Like a drunken man he reels,
His toes will try to touch his heels,
His knees as stiff as spokes in wheels,
With some quack doctor now he deals—
Rheumatism.

With faltering step he tramples slow,
His friends pass by he cannot go,
His back bends like an Indian's bow,
While cords are drawn from head to toe.
Rheumatism.

He asks the quack for a dose of pills,
Also credit if he kills,
Demands a burial between to hills,
In a coffin plain for he has no bills—
Rheumatism.

Into the bed he goes to stay,
And in one position long must lay,
The quack utters to him each day,
“Is the prospects better for my pay?”
Rheumatism.

Between two staves his neck is pinched,
Around his chest a bandage cinched,
As helpless as a man that's lynched,
And like a chain his bones are linked—
Rheumatism.

“Doctor, doctor, must I depart,
And be carried along in a four-wheeled cart?
Then over my grave will soar the lark,
Not unless it stings your very heart”—
Rheumatism.

Long you'll lay here like a log,
There'll be no light, but all a fog,
If your heart should pain you pray to God
That you may not die here like a dog—
Rheumatism.

SATURDAY'S INSPECTION OF CO. G, FORT SILL, O. T.

Reveille has sounded,
We've answered, every one,
We'll go and eat our breakfast,
The trouble is to come.

Now we take our leather belts
And dadiack a while,
Polish every cartridge,
Have everything in style.

Our carefully polished rifles,
Held in the brightest ray,
Will often throw a gleam
A mile or two away.

From Daggett comes this order,
"If the sun is shining bright,
Inspection will be in overcoats,
The other dress be white."

The buttons soon are polished,
Likewise our cartridge pouches;
Now he gives another order,
"Inspection is in blouses."

Our blouses soon are dusted,
We hope for a success,
And now we get another order,
“Inspection in full dress.”

We now are sore discouraged,
So many different acts;
We hope to get the other
To stand with heavy packs.

“Assembly” now is sounding,
The clock is striking nine,
And every soldier, with his gun,
Is hastening into line.

Soon we hear Frank Fields cry out,
“In two ranks form a section,”
Once more he calls the roll,
And reports us for inspection.

Under every pair of ears
Is a collar, stiff with starch;
Captain Rogers next will say,
“Open ranks and march.”

Jim Daniels hastens to the rear
With his brasses bright and charms,
Then Rogers strokes his dog awhile
And says, “Inspection arms.”

Like the sloth he walks along
To every man he'll say,
"You are dusty," or "don't you know
That it's Saturday today?"

A giant next is seen in ranks,
Far superior to him,
But it's "draw your shoulder up,
And pull your stomach in."

The next, perhaps a tidy man,
And cleaner than all in Sill,
But it's "Fields, this man is filthy,
Just run him in the mill."

We finally are dismissed,
Sober, too, as monks,
Soon he'll walk through the quarters,
While we stand at our bunks.

The orderly room is opened,
"Attention," Fields will cry,
Then every private holds his breath,
Till the shoulder straps go by.

He walks into the kitchen,
"What have you, cook, to eat?"
"Hardtack and salty bacon,
But nothing, sir, that's sweet."

“We are running very low,
Or were the last assessment;
But you are doing nobly,
Stay here you're whole enlistment.”

This is Saturday's inspection
Upon the wild frontier,
But how can we complain?
There's but fifty-two a year.



SUITABLE EPITAPHS FOR THE DEAD.

I died in the morning,
 Could I lived until noon—
But Jesus is good,
 Ma, won't you come soon.

Tread softly, tread lightly;
 Though I lay asleep,
I was thrown on the sickle
 When death came to reap.

Cold is my bed,
 But I'll be released
When an angel with trumpet,
 Is heard in the east.

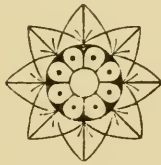
I on earth found a Savior
 Who took me above,
I am longing to meet there
 The ones that I love.

Behold the day cometh,
 His strivings will cease;
Live as I lived,
 And meet him in peace.

I owed the dear Jesus,
My note had come due,
He called me to settle,
For I could not renew.

Murmur not as you pass by,
I was not afraid to die.

The good Lord called for one he gave—
See that lilies grow on my grave.



SWEET HOOSIER JENNIE, FAREWELL.

The storms rage wild o'er Jennie, now,
And dimmer grows mine eye,
'Twas God's will that I should mourn,
And the one I loved should die.

How proud the earth that o'er her lies—
Drinks my many a tear;
It seemed to smile when I marked these words,
“My darling slumbers here.”

Those ruby lips I kissed are cold,
And the heart that cheered my breast
Is stilled, and listen, 'tis I who mourns
For the one that loved me best.

Jennie, I know the heart's at rest
That here was asunder torn,
'Tis by your side I long to lie
In death, for here I mourn.

Side by side we often sat,
And spoke of the parson's law,
Her dimpled cheek would smile with love
As she broke the last paw paw.

Ah! this treacherous heart of mine
 No longer would be true;
Now she's gone, I long to fall
 In my coat of army blue.

I know her peace was made with God,
 But slowly here I pine,
For the black earth of Millroy
 Hides a darling there of mine.

THE BURIAL.

At the tolling of the bells,
 With blossoms we arrayed her,
And kissed the lips, both pale and cold,
 Then gently down they laid her.

From the grave so dark and deep
 I heard a voice calling,
With heart benumbed I answered, "what?"
 And grasped the spade while falling.

There stood beside me while I wept,
 One sister and a brother;
Beyond was looking in the tomb
 A gray and loving mother.

In the grave from every side
 Great clods of earth were rolling,
The echo struck my drums with death,
 Though the bells had ceased their tolling.

Had she arose in her snowy shroud,
 She'd cried, "ah! treacherous lover,"
But bitterly the poet wept,
 As they built the mound above her.

May heaven be her resting place,
 And joy ever betide her,
And when I yield this mortal breath,
 Oh! lay me down beside her.

She has answered God's death call,
 I'll court here few, if any,
And mention her in all my works—
 Farewell, my black-eyed Jennie.



THE PARTING OF TWO SCOTTISH LOVERS.

HIS FAREWELL.

I soon will leave this shore, lassie,
The seas are raging white;
My mother she is dying,
I heard from home tonight.

Her silver locks once raven, lassie,
The smoothen brow of yore,
Is printed like the path we trod
Upon old Scotland's shore.

How she grieved for me, lassie,
The morn I bade farewell,
I brushed away the bitter tears
That like the dewdrops fell.

She is dying at her home, lassie,
My heart now burns with pain,
And for my loving mother
I will sail the raging main.

So farewell, bonnie lassie,
My prayers will be with thee,
I'll go and find my mother
And return again, to thee.

THE REPLY.

But the seas are raging white, laddie,
And many have found their graves
Where the spray is hurled no higher;
There's no mercy on the waves.

Should you perish, laddie,
I soon would follow thee,
For life would be no comfort,
Were you buried in the sea.

The news is hard to bear, laddie,
But 'twas God's holy will;
Place your trust in heaven,
And thy sad soul He'll fill.

The ship is waiting, laddie,
Its strength I do adore,
May God's hand smooth each billow
Till you reach the island's shore.

Farewell, farewell, my laddie,
My heart ne'er'll cease to burn;
And I'll be waiting for thee
When you make a fond return.

THE SONG OF A CHURCH BELL.

Another Sabbath finds me swinging
Like the hammock, to and fro,
Once more the rope is pulled with vigor
By the sexton down below.

Like the waves, my voice trembles
Over hill and over glen,
I have no choice, all are welcome—
Women proud and godly men.

For years I've hung in this dome so lonely,
To and fro have I been tossed,
Once like gold I shone in beauty,
Now I'm covered o'er with moss.

Another generation listens—
All 'twere living when I was cast
Are slumbering in the church yard yonder,
'Twas I that tolled their death at last.

When one is taken from their number,
Or a soul forever fled,
'Tis then I ring out "gone forever,"
So all may know that one is dead.

'Tis a hundred years since I was moulded,
For a century I've been swung,
I fain would stop—Oh! how weary,
Telling all 'tis time to come.

Oh! will they ever cast another
And take me down to rest,
Might not another voice tremble
Even though it echoes best?

Often I have rung out, "fire!"
When the stormy winds would blow,
Then reel alone, like a drunken man,
On my pivot to and fro.

Take me down and swing another;
May it sound a sweeter chime,
And stand the storms as I have stood them,
Though bright will turn like moss in time.

THE POET'S DREAM OF THE END OF TIME.

I saw an angel in the sky
Soaring down where I didst lie,
He cried aloud while passing by,
 "Your soul needst know no sorrow,
I am an angel and your friend,
My love for all doth far extend,
And always shall unto the end,
 But that will come tomorrow.

"Thou hast friends that's dear to thee,
Friends that you will never see,
I shall warn them all to flee,
 That all might heed the warning;
God bade me come this lovely day
And ask you all down here to pray—
I must journey on my way,
 I bid farewell this morning."

His wings were white as driven snow,
He came for all down here, I trow,
Like a bird he soareth high and low,
 And I was left to wonder.
He disappeared, I was left alone,
Nor could I find my way towards home,
Then a wondrous light in heaven shone,
 And a voice I heard, like thunder.

“Flee, oh! flee, from the wrath to come,
Today thy work must all be done,
And you must meet Christ, every one,
Be ye therefore ready.
Tomorrow He cometh, and time is o’er,
He will shine on earth as ne’er before,
And saints, with Christ, will view that shore;
The disbeliever’s yoke is heavy.”

I saw him ride upon a cloud,
The world was dark, he spake aloud,
“Tomorrow wind in thy snowy shroud,
That all might be forgiven,
I am going home, my work is done,
Through Christ they’ve heard me, every one,
Yet few shall heed, but soon I come
To guide the saints to heaven.”

He was blinded again from out my sight,
Once more the world seemed dark as night,
And still remained the morn brought light,
Few were there found waiting.
We looked afar to an eastern hill,
Down its side ran a quiet rill,
Those golden trumpets sounded shrill,
And the clouds were separating.

Christ appeared with an angel band,
Crowned and flying hand in hand—
The Savior knelt upon the sand
 And seemed to me to pray;
A voice, like thunder, from heaven said,
“Let the earth and sea give up their dead,”
This was done, and sinners fled
 To rocks, where'er they may.

“We cannot stand,” I heard them cry,
“Soon Christ, in glory, will journey by;
For our transgressions we must die,
 His mercy now has fled.”
The mighty rocks their only cover,
They cry for help one from another,
For fear of death they madly shudder;
 God's laws no longer tread.

I heard the Savior call the roll;
And loudly answered every soul,
“I am going home,” the bell doth toll,
 I hear its sweetest chime;
But far below a dreadful moan,
Amidst such flames that heaven shone—
And we were gathered on Christ's throne—
 This was the end of time.

THE FATE OF THE WARSHIP VICTORIA.

SUNK BY THE CAMPERDOWN, JUNE 23, 1893.

The Mediterranean once more a grave for true seamen,
Give ear, sons of freedom, I'll relate the sad story.
May we never forget, though our locks turn like silver,
How the Camperdown sunk the warship Victoria.

The Mediterranean squadron on the coasts of Sahara
Was sailing for Tripoli, in the heights of their
glory,
Commanded by Tryon, these gunners were bearing
The Flexible, Phantom, Peril and Victoria.

The second, commanded by Rear Admiral Hastings,
Composed of the Camperdown, Dreadnaught and
Collingwood,
The Edgar, the Fearless, all sailed in two columns,
Their location was viewed and pronounced very
good.

The sea was smooth, the sky bright and cloudless,
Their keels rent their way with all possible power,
The waters divided, as for the children of Israel,
While making a run of twelve knots per hour.

Sir Tryon, with pennants signaled the others,
Wishing that Hastings his plans would explain,
It seemed these two gunners were nearing each other,
Neither on line would pause or remain.

Captain Burk spake aloud on board the Victoria,
As the great gunner paused and shot like a dart
"Form the fleet in divisions imposed of port, sir,
And the distance must be six cables apart."

"But six is too narrow, 'tis eight," cried the Admiral,
"Be quick in your movements, your command, sir,
was wrong;"

Flag Lieut. Gilford obeyed Burk's first order,
Hoisted the flag and the message had gone.

Informed his mistake, he climbed to the chart-house,
His message with flag was quickly rehearsed,
And lowering his hand to interpret the answer,
Received in reply the one for the first.

A mistake of two cables imperiled their danger,
Like a wounded whale the gunner took flight,
And, seeing great danger, the Victoria kept starboard,
By turning her rudder four points to the right.

Again she paused, while changing direction,
To increase her speed was losing no time;
The Camperdown struck her bow to the starboard,
And severed the gunner to her center-line.

"Oh! God," uttered voices in every direction,
As the Camperdown halted, backward to creep,
A collision mat spanned each rent in the gunner,
Their labor was lost for they rolled in the deep.

Her bows were rocking and life boats were lowered,
Sir Tryon spake calmly as ever before, .
"Each man at his post, as yet we're not sinking,
And I'll steer the rudder straight to the shore."

Fastly she sunk, her rents were soon buried,
Over her bow was running the tide,
The officers and crew were overboard leaping
As the gunner heeled over to the starboard side.

Tryon stood at his post with Midshipman Herbert,
The gunner was sinking, all help was too late,
Like two loving brothers, they grasped one another,
"Herbert," cries Tryon, "we'll share our death
fate."

Farewell, farewell, thou once proud Victoria,
You've sailed the great seas, but at last found thy
rest,
Thy flag, once in air, now rides on the billows;
May her crew be numbered with the heavenly blest.

'TIS FOR HOME AND LIBERTY.

Tonight I walk this lonely post,
Every human voice is still,
But the wolves are howling in my path
From Mount Scott to Fort Sill.

Even in this perilous path
My heart is light and free,
Though danger hides in every crevice,
'Tis for home and liberty.

Oft upon the highest peaks
I've heard the Indian yelp,
While others would abscond themselves
With knife, to take my scalp.

'Tis oft I think of friends at home,
Who would lend a helping hand,
I'm reminded, too, of the banner state
They call cold Michigan.

Oft I think of the old brick house
Where once I was so free,
Still I never wish me back—
'Tis for home and liberty.

THE SONG OF SEASONS.

SPRING.

I melt the cold snow and send forth the flower,
And loosen the streams with many a shower,
Cold winter is gone and I have the power,
And the birds sing sweetly in every bower.

The lambs skip and play, the bud on its stem
Is rapidly swelling to blossom again,
The quadruped hides no more in his den,
And a velvet-like carpet covers the glen.

The fishes rejoice, the eaglets cry,
And the pelican builds her nests up on high,
Life is sweet, none wish to die,
Now I will listen to summer's reply.

SUMMER.

With my warm shower's and the sun's brightest ray
I turn the wavering clover to clay,
The golden grain in my breezes shall sway,
And the bare-footed urchin so merrily play.

At the rising of sun, the servant will toil
While the farmer is earnestly tilling the soil,
The serpent in peace rests in its coil
And the air is fragrant with the sweet pennyroyal.

In the pleasant forests the wild flowers bloom,
The honey bee labors their sweets to consume,
All seem cheerful, for banished is gloom,
And the bachelor is as happy as a bride and groom.

AUTUMN.

I ripen the fruit till it falls to the ground
And spread a red carpet over each mound,
Far in the wildwood reechoes the sound—
The report of the rifle and the yelp of the hound.

I fill every cellar, no famine returns,
In the lowliest cottage a bright fire burns,
Preparing for winter with many concerns,
And the bird on wing for a season adjourns.

My winds bring the harvest, no moments to spare,
Now and then a flake is seen on the air,
When harvest is o'er I'll banish your care,
You may sit by the fireside and partake of your share.

WINTER.

Ah! I have returned to conquer, at last,
And send forth the snow with the cold, stinging blast,
The flowing streams again I'll hold fast,
Spring and summer are seasons of the past.

Remain in your cots while I sweep o'er the land,
And out of doors don't venture to stand,
I soar like the condor, outstretch my cold hand,
Summer is gone and I'm in command.

I'm dreaded by all, yea, loved by none,
The young and the old, me, Winter, they shun,
I care not for friends for alone I begun,
I'll blockade their paths, but soon I'll be done.



A WONDERFUL SCULPTOR.

There's an old slate rock in the Wichita mountains
Wonderfully chiseled, I found it at morn,
The head of Black Fish, the ancient war chieftain,
Is inlaid with gold by his war club, so worn.

As were it burnished with blood-stones, the eyes made
of diamonds,
It blinded my optics when lit by the sun,
I crept round the rock in search of a foot print
Till my joints grew weary in finding not one.

I turned me towards home to tell my loved comrades,
And peeled off the bark from a sprig that grew
near,
But, far beyond, I saw a small foot path,
'Twas trodden, methinks, for many a year.

I followed the path o'er rocks and great ledges,
Wondering each moment what the next might bring,
Was still told to follow by the sand on the surface,
What fell from a shoe when an echo would ring.

I paused, I heard a cry at a distance,
So different than when the angels came low,
I fell in a crevice and, nestling closer,
For it seemed that a sprint of my garment would
show.

Dare I peer o'er? no, and nestling closer,
Like a child on its mother's breast in a storm,
The shrieks and cries, I heard them decreasing,
Then a rattling like moving a once living form.

Their cries soon ceased and naught but a chanting
Was heard, and seemingly moved away,
I rose to my feet and moving forward
Where numberless prints were marked in the clay,

I followed the path that for years had been trodden,
At the end I found a frail rusty lock,
And the door from its hinges fell when I pushed it—
List while I tell you what lay neath this rock.

Bones of bucks, squaws and papooses,
Mingled together and carelessly thrown,
Equipments of war, bonnets and moccasins,
The remainder of the tribe returned there to mourn.

Cradles of infants, arrayed with elk tushes,
Are laced with sinews and skin of the fawn,
Arm-bones caressed them, methinks 'twas a mother,
The child so tender is perished and gone.

Their tom-toms still swing, lances are gleaming,
No white man save me has tasted this breeze,
Something seems to be guiding my pencil,
As I tell the fate of the ancient Shawnees.

PARTING OF REUBEN AND MANDA.

“I’m going to leave you, dear Reuben,
And sail for Europe, you know,
Where they roll a corpse in a blanket
And keep it a year in the snow.
If I’m not mistaken, dear Reuben,
Europe is beyond one great sea;
I want you to answer this question,
Will you ever come sailing to me?

“Now, Reuben, I know that you love me,
Although you are sly as a mouse,
And often creep in at midnight
And throw me out of the house.
I’m only leaving to spite you,
That face I will soon long to see,
You’re often affectionate, Reuben,
When will you come sailing to me?

“Don’t wait, you’re never forgotten,
I love you with all of my heart,
You will some day be rueing your folly,
And that is the reason we part.
I long for an encouraging answer
And know I’ll receive it from thee;
I have but a moment to tarry,
But will you come sailing to me?

“I’ll list if you’ve something to tell me,
But, Reuben, I can’t tarry long,
Oh! how you will mourn by the fireside
When you think of poor Manda that’s gone.
I hope you’ll reply before parting,
I will anxiously listen to thee;
Can you murmur, dear, without mourning,
And say when you’ll come unto me?”

“Yes,
“When the night comes on in the morning,
And the whip-poor-will sings like the crow,
When the eagle builds his nest on the soil,
And the bluebirds are hunting for snow;
When they move the rocks from Greenland’s
long shore,
And heap them all up in your view;
When masons build houses with corn cobs,
Then I’ll come sailing to you.

“When peach trees bear onions in winter,
And cats refuse milk when it’s warm;
When a blacksmith will own a good swine-hook,
And a trotter that never was born;
When you catch a great whale with a hornet,
And its oil will sparkle like dew;
When you find Guiteau is not living,
Then I’ll come sailing to you.

“ When a girl has mumps, and won’t murmur
 When she’s fed upon pickles and crust;
When you boil a capsule ten minutes
 And swallow before it will bust.
When you tell me where Cain’s wife existed,
 And the five days Methusalah felt blue;
When you tell where a mastodon is living,
 Then, Manda, I’ll sail there to you.

“ When you find a gold mine in your chip yard,
 And an Indian attorney at law;
When the wise will face a tornado,
 And a woman resting her jaw;
When you find the word ‘girl’ in the bible,
 And a mule of a bright greenish hue;
When you grant all this dear Manda,
 Then I’ll come sailing to you.



THE TWO PENCIL SELLERS.

Along the dark street how slow they did walk,
Both crippled and scarcely able to talk,
Says one to the other, I pause to hear,
“What shall we do?” then came a great tear
From a dim, sunken eye, and rolled slowly down
And fell from his chin like lead to the ground;
“Pencils, pencils, will there any one buy?”
They would wander all day with that pitiful cry.

Soon night o’ertook them, they knelt on the sod,
And offered a prayer to their great living God,
They asked with faith for one ray of light,
Also for protection on that gloomy night,
No longer could I my great heart command,
Forward I stepped and grasped their two hands.
They were nourished with food and refuge was given;
For reward I ask but one view of heaven.



THE DECEASED KING'S ROYALTY OF REST.

There is built in Honolulu a royal tomb,
Its walls are lofty, it contains but one room,
Proud kings that reigned in years gone by
Have yielded to God and together they lie.

There's none left to mourn, no hearts filled with woe,
The friends of the kings perished centuries ago,
In coffins of gold sleep the humble and proud,
Their heart's dust would fly to the heavenly cloud.

The walls tower high, a gold strand surrounds,
It seems to be chained to the royal grounds,
The great slabs of coral, white as the snow,
Glisten like pearls above and below.

There grows at the door most beautiful trees,
That bow and moan in the soft sea breeze,
Another is heard, and a beautiful song
Sung over the tomb of the monarchs gone.

This sacred repository, or royalty of rest,
Is guarded by a giant with an armored breast,
Like the statue of liberty, he towers afar,
And with but one effort the doors are ajar.

The sights now witnessed can scarcely be told,
As the doors open wide on their hinges of gold,
Like the shocked cannoneer you'll stand in amaze,
As a collection of coffins at once meet your gaze.

All in their beds, engraved on the cover,
Have mouldered for centuries beside one another
The remains of Kamehameha, renowned as Noah,
Is one profound secret on a frame of Koa.

In scrupulous order each coffin is numbered,
Many bearing the record of fifteen hundred,
In beds of beaten gold sleep both timid and hero,
Enraptured in beauty as Rio Janeiro.

As you stand by the coffins that never can rust
Brings intense sadness as you gaze on their dust,
There the dusky monarchs lie who have wielded the
rod,
All have fallen proud victims to God.

Some have stood by the altar in life to admire
Innocent gore pour out on an unquenchable fire,
And hear the moans ascend to the sky—
Laughing with scorn while the innocent die.

Paganism raged, they were crazed with insanity,
Never hearing of God nor the love of Christianity,
The first royal dead, interred in this tomb,
Perished in England amid darkness and gloom.

The wife of Kamehameha, now reposing by him,
Once asked the great God for forgiveness of sin,
The prayer being answered, her sins are forgiven,
She dons a robe in the kingdom of heaven.

Like the shot of a rifle, God's love pierced her heart,
She often in prayer told her grief-stricken part,
This tomb I've described, my thoughts I've let pour,
And the giant still walks by the firm bolted door.



THE PARTING OF TWO LOVERS.

WILLIE'S APPEAL TO HIS MARY.

I must cross the mighty ocean,
Others say the deep blue sea;
My return may be, Oh! never,
But, Mary, weep no more for me.

Slaves are toiling o'er the ocean,
We must go and set them free,
I may die, but, crowned with glory,
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

How you'll miss me, Oh! my lady,
When you stroll on yonder lea,
Soon I'll be gone, then who will cheer you?
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

Farewell, lady, 'tis now I leave you—
Dark and gloomy seems the sea;
If I return, I'll try to find you,
Dear Mary, weep no more for me.

THE REPLY.

Do you remember what you told me
In the shade of yonder tree?
'Twas there I took your hand, so tender,
Oh! why not, "Mary weep for thee?"

Willie, there you promised, truthful,
You would some day marry me;
Now you leave to cross the ocean,
Oh! why not, "Mary weep for me?"

While upon your journey; Willie,
Trust in God, that is my plea,
Remember, dear, that far behind you,
Mary weeps alone for thee.

Farewell, dear Willie, must I leave you?
Is this a dream, or can it be?
If you return you'll try to find me,
Then Mary'll weep no more for thee.



THE OLD SCHOOL ROOM AND THE MASTER SO
CRUEL.

I'm thinking today, of a school house so lowly,
Whose narrow doors opened to welcome us in,
When Jack-frost would sparkle and benumb every
finger,
We would find there a comfortable refuge within.
The "Round Acorn" would roar as we filled it with
fuel,
We would cover the face while warming our toes;
Oh! glorious school-days, shall ne'er be forgotten,
For the poet oft mourns as older he grows.

I remember his desk and the master so stately,
Who never would smile, though he'd patience
with each,
At his side were two pins that held a great raw-hide,
The tears came forth when the master would reach,
His buxom arm wielded the rod without mercy,
And, like a huge lion, his victim would roar.
Had a spray been attached to the seat of their trousers,
No sprinkler'd been needed to dampen the floor.

There once came a lady, we called her Miss Dixon,
A picture of rustic health, beauty and love,
When her dimpled cheek smiled, I thought of sweet
roses,
Could a countenance been sweeter from the heavens
above?

My being young and, also, quite bashful,
The master, on his dignity, often would say,
“Arise, you young rascal, take your primer and pencil,
And remain in the seat with Miss Dixon, today.”

My cheeks would flush like a boy's lighted pumpkin,
And like a young gosling o'erwhelmed by the tide,
My head would sway both hither and thither,
And I drew a long breath when I sat at her side.
“Do you love me,” spake she “I see you come often?”
I whispered, “Miss Dixon, will you please stop?”
Again I would mourn like a babe that is hungry,
Or some foolish boy who had lost his new top.

I then thought the master both heartless and cruel,
And often I wished he would take ill and die,
The school and Miss Dixon would titter with laughter,
As my care-worn face would wrinkle to cry.
The winter soon ended, vacation was nearing,
High in the tree-tops the robins would sing,
A reward of merit was to me presented,
I was laboring a little to prepare for the spring.

Vacation soon ended, the school-bell was ringing,
Father said unto me, “I shall ne'er rear a fool,
Take your pencil and primer, a basket of dinner,
You may play with permission but study in school.”
Quick came this reply “There's a fool in each family,
There was a mistake in constructing this model,
So, pa, expect nothing it will surely be granted,
No matter how long you tutor this noddle.”

Convinced I must go, I went on my journey,
Long seemed the road for the school-bell had rung,
I paused on the porch like a dumbfounded spoony,
And remained three hours after greeting was sung.
My courage increased, the narrow doors opened,
My heart was benumbed but soon regained friction,
Not minding the teacher, I stepped to a side seat
As far as I could from pretty Miss Dixon,

I saw Mary Horton and a maid they called Lilly,
The teacher was handsome but arrayed in disguise,
It seemed I was lost, and I oft thought of mother,
For no one came, I thought, of my size.
Mine eyes were cast downward like a maid amid ocean,
The boys would chaff and the girls tried to giggle,
"What troubles you, baby," the teacher soon uttered.
I told her at once I had broken my fiddle.

"Aside your books, 'tis twelve," she said sternly,
"And fill my gold vase with flowers, I implore."
I returned about two, the vase being crowded,
My beautiful thistle-blows fell to the floor.
She uttered, "you're late," with her lynx-eyes rolling,
"Can you not hear the bells, or have you no sense?"
"I became lost in the two-acre wood lot,
And plucked the thistle-blows here by the fence."

"You're to be pitied," she said, as I whimpered,
"Would I ever be guilty of flogging you? Never."
To the end of that term I was bothered but little,
The rumor soon spread I was dumber than ever,

I loved the maid Lilly, but how could I tell her,
 Though far in the woodland one plainly could see
A wreath of oak leaves entangled in roses,
 And "Lilly G. M." plainly carved on a tree.

Weeks passed by, but seemingly slowly,
 For I was a fool and to wisdom was blind,
But often in solitude I would sit and grow weary,
 And many good thoughts I'd commit to my mind.
Corn harvest soon came, the bright leaves were fading,
 Farewell to the summer, I've explained it to all,
That term soon closed and I was with father,
 I'll describe the old room if I go in the fall.

Fall found me living, but, Oh! that long journey,
 My discouraged brain and uncoiled gear,
It seemed I would faint while trudging that journey,
 And I'd carried one primer for over a year.
Through vacation I cultured my limited power,
 And felt the improvement day after day,
I soon thought it right to speak up, aloud,
 And let people know what I had to say.

I saw the old school-room, humble as ever,
 The smoke was hurled higher than ever before,
I again stood aghast when I viewed its interior,
 There the master of old was pacing the floor.
I departed at once, I feared him as ever,
 And cried, "Oh! cursed be this old room."
My mind of care was soon changed to joy,
 For Miss Dixon entered soon after noon.

"Hello! Miss Dixon," at recess I uttered,

"Did you enjoy this lovely vacation?

By your constant returning, you must be determined
To commit to your brain a great education,"

"Oh! no," she replied, "I love the old school-room,
The large defaced desks and the motto so true,
I must ask you one question before called to study,
What brought this great change? Once bashful
were you."

"I learned it from father, he is not very bashful
And during vacation he would make me reveal
My plains and all secrets, and if not satisfactory,
He'd spit fire like a saw on a steam emery wheel.
My continual dressings from half-trimmed witch hazel,
The presenting each day of my funeral shroud,
And the skull of a horse each morn in my trousers,
'Twas not very long till I'd speak up aloud."

She was seemingly pleased and smiled at my answer,
And said, "you're life's joy is only begun,"
Like a greeny, bewildered I list at a knot-hole,
Where a robin for years had been rearing her
young,
Her shame was concealed that on me was visible,
That kind loving face I more daily admired,
Oft we'd haste to the bough that hung from a maple,
And there she would swing till my arms would
grow tired.

The fall term soon closed, I again went to father,
To help haul wood and winter supplies,
The squawking of geese, the reports of rifles,
Soon drove the bees from Simonses hives.
Farewell to the school-room and pretty Miss Dixon,
I scarce knew a word in my primer as yet,
Father says I'm a fool and may study at even,
Or what I have learned I will shortly forget.



THE ANGRY PECAN AND THE PLEASANT OAK.

“How old art thou?” the pecan cries,
 “ Oh! that you would resign,
Of late your aged and rough-barked roots
 Are clinging fast to mine.

“Why sway so proud in the forest old
 When the storms are fierce and wild?
Your old rough bark compares with mine
 As a workman with a child. .

“Your leaves are rough, like the critter’s tongue,
 Yet veined to a high degree,
Their large ribs twist and laugh with scorn
 As they gaze on tender me.

“The raccoon hides in your decayed boughs,
 On thy limbs the panther purrs,
Your fruit is food for only swine,
 Yet covered o’er with burrs.

“Don’t you feel ashamed, old oak,
 That you are living? Tell me true.
My voice fast is growing weak,
 I will listen now to you.”

THE REPLY.

“Long have I graced this forest wild,
And proud, pecan, am I,
That my old and rough-barked branches sway
So proudly in the sky.

“Hunters of yore, that are dead and gone,
Oft knew not where to go,
At length they marked me as a guide
Before you took root to grow.

“As a father pitieth his only child,
I have sheltered you from storms,
My trunk would sway to catch the frost,
While o’er thee spread my arms.

“When you, pecan, was but a sprig,
To my boughs I did appeal,
And one of them fell quite near thy root,
For fear of the hunter’s heel.

“A hundred years have passed and gone;
The storms, the sun and moon
Have decayed the broken heart above,
In it hides the shy raccoon.

“In my lower limbs is a maiden’s bones
That fell from a lover’s blow,
While unearthing her form, I nearly fell—
’Twas a thousand years ago.

“ Her bones have slowly turned to dust,
Except the one I lull;
Wound with boughs, deprived from earth,
Is that handsome maiden’s skull.

“ I’ve seen the Indian running wild
With quiver on his back,
And where your trunk is firmest now
He found the otter’s track.

“ My fruit is naught compared with thine,
But I’ve sheltered you from birth,
And filled the path where the hunter’s heel,
Would crush you back to earth.

“ I’ll forgive for you are young,
But speak more kind to me,
As ever, I will shield you from the storms,
I will listen, now, to thee.”

THE PECAN.

“ Oh! father oak, forgive your child,
Thou art a glorious tree,
I will always boast, if spared to tell,
How you’ve protected me.

“ ’Tis true the maids will seek my fruit,
And always call it best,
But where thy branches shade the soil,
They pause for sweetest rest.

“I have seen the hunter in my time
Lower his bleeding goose
And take a bead from your roughest bark,
And fire on the grazing moose.

“Once more I ask of thee, forgive,
Preserve the skull below,
As the rest has perished in the earth,
Keep that as white as snow.

“We try to reach but 'tis in vain,
Long may thy branches sway;
When severed by the woodman's ax,
May you fall and quick decay.”



THE POET'S PLEA.

Ah! miserable man am I,
Afraid to live, and afraid to die,
I tremble like the the thief at night
At the word of God and what is right.

My soul is clad so deep with sin
I love no one, not even Him,
Through transgressing long, my heart is cold,
And naught but sin now stains my soul.

Others cry to God in the heavens, high,
And speak as were he walking by;
Few long to sleep beneath the sod—
They say He is a merciful God.

I know Him not, poor wretched soul,
Though oft His love my mother told;
His vile, I know, will stain poor me
Both in this world and eternity.

When a boy at home, among the free,
I often thought, "is there rest for me?"
Would bow to God and shed a tear,
Nor would I long for comfort here.

But now I meet with naught but scorn,
Cursing the day that I were born;
Oh! could I die by my flowing bowl,
And destroy this poor wicked soul.

None happy as I with golden store,
Could I but die to wake no more;
If again I'm shown the paths I've trod,
My soul will tremble before the God.



THE DESTRUCTION OF WELLINGTON, KANSAS.

AS WITNESSED BY THE WRITER MAY 27, 1892.

The bright sun shone o'er the city at morning,
Far in the heavens her domes towered high,
No voice spake, no sound uttered warning—
Prepare for death, destruction is nigh.

Calm was the breeze that kissed the proud city,
Gay was its inmates, aged and young,
The bright spires glistened like light-bugs at evening,
Or the flying specks from the gold-workers flung.

Only one cloud was seen in the heavens,
Seemingly harmless, and floating quite low,
No warning was heard, no trumpet was sounded
For the doomed city, Wellington, as for Jericho.

The day grew old, the bright sun was hidden
Behind the clouds, as goats on the steep,
Destruction and carnage hung o'er the city,
Matrons and daughters together would weep.

The funnel-shaped clouds like corkscrews were turning,
And the winds from the north were soon raging
high,
Windows fell, great towers were trembling,
Wellington was doomed and no help was nigh.

The cries of the mourning were drowned by thunder,
Together they murmured to God while they wept,
The rich and the poor were crowded together,
And the great rocks awoke that for centuries had
slept.

Great timbers, like straw, were hurled to the heavens,
Gray sextons faced death while tolling the knell,
Carnage cried loud and sprang like a tiger,
With one shriek and moan when Wellington fell.

One wail was heard from the once proud city,
When the great towers fell where the timid had
fled,
The rich and the poor, the proud and the humble,
Were numbered together as wounded or dead.

She has fallen, oh! God, let us flee to her rescue,
Care for the mourning and bury the dead,
And mark the graves of the loved ones who've perished,
With a slab of white marble arrayed at their head.

The morn shone brightly, eve brought destruction,
Who were the doomed? Non-inmates must tell.
Now the city is silent and mangled forever,
And the domes laid prostrate when Wellington fell.

'TIS HARD FOR THE WEALTHY TO DIE.

So different am I from the wealthy and proud,
Who flaunt in the breezes a woven shroud,
They gaze on the humble with intense shame,
And murmur with scorn, as were they to blame,
They admire the gold strand that crosses their breast,
The hand forms a wheel that rolls to their rest,
They stare on their riches and murmur "'tis I"—
How hard it will be for the wealthy to die.

They gaze on the homeless, their blood boils in rage,
Proud as a parrot in a gold-beaten cage,
They strut like the peacock, and their elevated nose
Only turns from afront when they gaze on their clothes,
Onward they glide like a storm-driven wave,
Blessing the earth and cursing the grave,
One's life amid luxuries soon passes by,
How hard it will be for the wealthy to die.

They journey along in their path strewn with ease,
Their longing eyes can scarcely be pleased,
But often they gaze on the storm shrieking blast,
And cry like a child, the years passeth fast,
Again they murmur, "I'm a shell filled with pith,
The clocks in domes strike nearer is death,"
They pause like a kite, in the breezes calm sigh,
How hard it will be for the wealthy to die.

They think of their doom and the dark grave so deep,
How God can lay such a great brain to sleep,
They fear grim death in their comfortable home;
For all must travel that journey alone.
Down to the grave on land or on sea,
Departed with riches to journey with me,
At the brink of death's door for mercy they'll cry,
How hard it will be for the wealthy to die.

The poor in their poverty await the death call,
The rich with abundance cry "Could I take all."
The poor look to God for heavenly rest,
The rich think of two hands soon cold on the breast,
The voice of God will soon echo loud,
The vain and the humble, why should they be proud,
The Savior will answer, if for mercy we cry,
The proud and the humble in glory can die.



THE POET'S SONG OF HOME.

I will sing of the home that I loved so well,
The home of both labor and play;
Like a boat in a storm whose rudder is lost
I fastly am drifting away.

My thoughts wander back to the old brick cot
That stood on the corners for years,
The wide door would open to the stranger who came,
'Twas the abode of their daily careers.

Glad was my mother to welcome them in,
Father would offer his old oaken chair,
In thoughts I see mother as she sat alone
Twining her long raven hair.

Our family was small and lowly this cot,
But where lived they happy as we?
Though sisters we'd none to enjoy a share,
And boys, we numbered but three.

Mother would sit and sing to her boys,
Tell us of God and His love,
"When through on this earth, if good," she would say,
"You may dwell with the angels above."

How often we'd journey, my brother and I,
To fish in a small chattering rill,
When hungry we'd run and never look back
Till we reached the brick cot on the hill.

A few years have passed and mother is gone;
 When I saw her first lock of gray
I returned to the woods and mourned like a babe
 For it seemed she would soon pass away.

Father's eyes were dim, his beard so white
 Would float like crepe on a door,
I once, in a vision, saw both dead and gone
 And a willow bowed low on the moor.

Father was living, though long since I heard
 His face I will never more see.
He'd seen morning and noon—was then on the road
 To the grave, and his limbs numbered three.

I wish I were dead when my thoughts wander back
 To my parents and brothers, once fair.
The marble and mound tells dear mother's tale,
 And the rest gone, God only knows where.

We will never meet more in this great world of sin,
 But rest to our mother is given;
I may some day stand where the gate opens wide,
 And see her an angel in heaven.

THE BURIAL OF PRIVATE LODDERS.

With muffled drums to time our tread,
We slowly walked beside the dead,
Whose life of strife had quickly fled,
And many a bitter tear was shed.

Upon the battle field he died,
A wrong but mightier arm defied,
That raised a lance and gored his side,
And his heart ebbd forth its crimson tide.

Upon a litter, deceased and cold,
We laid a noble warrior bold;
Again the drums his death-knell tolled,
As for King George and his bed of gold.

In a humble coffin he was laid,
Wound with the stripes that never fade,
And covered deep with hoe and spade,
And we with banners did last parade.

Behind us followed his horse, in crepe.
A howitzer gun and its shot a grape;
Wound and bound in golden tape,
And o'er him laid his mangled cape.

God took from us a soul he gave,
That swore his county he would save;
We planted a willow o'er the grave
That it might moan for the hero, brave.

He has found his grave and the glorious shore,
No more his heart will shed its gore,
Nor pause at the Gatling's thundering roar—
Peace be thy rest for evermore.



TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE BRETZ.

[A TRUMPETER, SLAIN AUGUST 26, 1892.]

Thou art dead and sweetly sleeping, George,
On Medicine's aerial summit,
No more we'll hasten to our arms
At the sound of thy silver trumpet.

But well do we remember, George,
When your notes would storm the lea,
Each man would hasten to his feet
And answer reveille.

As in life I see you, George,
Hastening o'er the glen,
And repeating our brave captain's cry,
Of "forward! forward, men."

It seems I see your trumpet, George,
And the sky with powder black,
And hear the notes float on the air,
"Fall back, brave men, fall back."

Some other sounds "assembly," George,
But it does not sound as clear,
Never a soldier feared to die
When your music reached his ear.

Your trumpet rests beside you, George,
In the lofty bluffs, afar,
Remember your true friends down here
And leave the gates ajar.



THE HAUNTED CAVERN.

A stranger paused, one dreary night,
His anxious soul to fill;
Prayed to God with conscience light,
Near a babbling rill.

He journeyed on. All was well
Across the dreary moor—
Was swallowed by this mouth of hell,
Four walls. A booth of yore.

“I am lost,” the stranger cried,
“And know not where to go,
I’ve entered cruel jaws, so wide,
With neither friend nor foe.”

“Murdered and unprepared!” was the cry he heard.
Breathless as an ancient mummy, with thoughts resting on God, the walls moaned like the tossed pine, and gore fell fast on the stranger’s hand.

He sees a form, ’tis banished now—
Below sweet music rings;
Another rises, makes a bow,
And flaps two golden wings.

A form as fair as a tender maid
Arose, screamed, and fell,
And cried aloud, “be not dismayed,
Our doom is sealed in hell.”

The battle-ax, a mighty hand,
No longer could remain,
He drew another from his band
And crashed her gentle brain.

Another voice uttered loud,
Saying, "Daughter, perish true!
The murderer's hand has pierced my shroud;
My child, I follow you."

A dagger drawn, he saw her wilt,
And heard a voice say:
"I've received his dagger to the hilt;
My child, we die today."

Then a burly stranger walked along,
His hands with gore were red,
He disappeared in a mighty throng,
Left mother and daughter dead.

They say a murderer comes each night
And hurls his dagger high;
A mother and daughter stand in sight,
Are struck and seemingly die.

THE OPENING OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP.

Assembled there from far and near,
 Were raven heads and hoary
For the numberless acres gave for homes
 In the Indian Territory.

On steeds of sorrel, black, and white
 Were racers for the trip,
Waiting for the cannon's roar,
 And the opening of the strip.

At twelve o'clock the cannon's roared,
 Each one to get the best
Was running like a funnel cloud,
 Arising from the west.

Thousands led the mighty race,
 As many in the rear
Buried deep their sharpened spurs
 In their horses breathing gear.

In the quicksand many rode,
 It divided like a lake,
Though disappeared their steed and all,
 We could hear them drive a stake.

Worn out steeds, like severed grass,
 Were falling here and there.
A stake was drove at each one's head,
 We saw them everywhere.

Beyond we'd see a handsome maid
Just blooming in her prime,
Her stake was drove, she grasped it firm
And cried out, "this is mine."

We heard them chant like mourning squaws
From twelve o'clock till morn.
'Tis true they'll cry, but not like this
When Gabriel blows his horn.



TEN SOLDIERS WITH TWENTY BAGS OF GOLD.

'Twas the twenty-sixth of January
Ten soldiers marched away
From Ft. Sill, Oklahoma,
To a town called Chicasha.

'Twas o'er the wild prairie
The piercing winds would blow,
But the Indians' gold was coming
And we were forced to go.

Anadarko is an inland town
And never heard of laws,
Inhabited by cow-boys,
Red-skins and their squaws.

Built on the Washita river,
We witnessed the second day,
From Sill to the town I mentioned—
Methinks 'tis about midway.

We pitched our tent and built a fire
Among that feathered host,
Ground the coffee, broke the bread,
Laid the bacon on to roast.

We spread our blankets on the ground,
No plot was ever rougher;
You can now imagine our lodging place,
And what we ate for supper.

The guard was stationed on his post,
By the sergeant he was sent
To keep the Indians off our paths,
Or entering in the tent.

We used a shovel and a pick
To make a cyclone pit,
And the happy dreams of a freezing man
I never can forget.

The morning dawned, a stinging blast
Blew o'er the dreary moor,
And entered the tent as it were a screen
Upon the river shore.

We thought we'd make a little change,
Being stationed by the river;
I passed the hat among the ten
And bought from Brown a liver.

We ate our breakfast, pulled up stakes,
And soon was on our way,
Shortening that long dreary road
From there to Chicasha.

All day we trod that dreary road,
The sun was going down,
And many wondered at the cause
As we entered the little town.

Our tent was pitched on banks of snow,
Labor was now begun,
And here we suffered for a week
Before the money come.

At length news reached us like this—
That every man take warning,
For toughs were hiding in the town,
And the gold would arrive next morning.

Armed to the teeth we journeyed on,
The stormy winds blew cold,
And the train was coming from the north
With twenty bags of gold.

The gold was laid in its proper place,
And with this precious cargo
We traveled o'er this dreary road,
Bound for Anadarko.

Thus many a mile was covered,
O'er valley, stream and glen,
But on a hill we heard the cry
Of twenty well armed men.

De Remington put whip to the mules,
And was gaining in the race;
We were now but twenty miles away
From our old camping place.

He forced them on about half way,
There we came to a white's abode
And three ox teams were coming
There they fled from off the road.

Our bullets chased them every step,
As they fled in wild dismay,
But leaving no good work behind,
They being so far away.

Ere long we reached the inland town,
And found the old lot vacant,
And turned the gold all over
To Day, the Indian agent.

Here we pitched our tent to stay,
For the gold we had the care,
And glad were we to hear him say
Every Indian has his share.

Our rations they were almost gone,
Distributed was our cargo,
We pulled up stakes and bid adieu
To lovely Anadarko.

We camped that night on river Cash,
Every hour seemed so long,
We sold our blankets for a dollar each—
Our rations they were gone.

The morning dawned, we started home,
And the winds were shrieking still,
Our weakened limbs were soon revived
By a warm meal at Ft. Sill.



THE CORBETT AND MITCHELL CONTEST.

GIVING ROUNDS.

Come gather around me, sportsmen,
I would ask you to give ear,
My tongue has long been waiting,
Now my story you will hear.

'Tis the Corbett and Mitchell contest
That I will here relate,
It happened quite near Jacksonville,
In sunny Florida state.

'Twas the twenty-fifth of January
They stepped into the ring.
Before us stood the stars and stripes
And the lion crouched to spring.

Corbett, the big American,
Whose career is being told,
Knocked the English champion
Senseless, stiff and cold.

Now listen with great interest,
The truth my pen will bring,
Mitchell soon went flying
Both in and out the ring.

ROUND I.

Both were standing at their guard,
 Mitchell full of vim,
Swung his right with all his might,
 But stopped far short of Jim.

They grasped and hugged each other,
 But neither was for love;
Jim caught Mitchell by the nose
 With the broad heel of his glove.

Charley slowly straightened out,
 Commenced a Briton tread,
Then Jim sent an upper cut
 To the side of Charley's head.

And before the Briton straightened
 And spread his feet apart,
Corbett planted another blow
 Right over Charley's heart.

Then Corbett sent another blow;
 But Charley was in luck,
For he felt the cool breeze coming
 And made his famous duck.

ROUND II.

Corbett sprang into the center,
Mitchell entered very slow,
With right to guard his heart,
And the left extending low.

Charley never reached the center
From the time this round begun,
Unless he turned his back to Jim
And made a quiet run.

From the first blow to the last one,
Mitchell found no rest,
For Jim knocked him round the ring,
Just as he thought best.

Once more Jim sent an upper cut,
Charley near went out of sight,
And before he reached the ground
He was stiffened with a right.

He lay just like a blue coat
Wallowing in his gore
When a "Long Tom" slug had struck him,
And brought him to the floor.

ROUND III.

Now they stand with arms extended,
 Mitchell soon steps to the rear
To simply form a backstop,
 The blood starts from each ear.

Soon Corbett struck another blow,
 Which caused their men to growl,
When it seemed that Charley'd never stop,
 Their cry went up "a foul!"

Once more he stepped into the ring,
 He stood but little more;
Though being far from hungry
 For the swallowing of his gore.

Mitchell struck out with his right
 With all his nerve and strength,
Once trying to keep the American
 At his own arm's length.

Soon Corbett sent another blow
 That actually shook his brain,
Over the ropes went Charley
 To never come back again.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

There stood before us, firm, unhurt,
America's battering ram.
Kelly motioned to Mitchell's seconds
To take their helpless man.

Hartshorn and Old Crow whisky,
Ammonia, too, of yore,
Was applied to Charley's nostrils
By his father Pony Moore.



WAITING FOR THE COW.

I lay by the gate the other night
 Wondering of my doom,
My thoughts were wandering far and near,
 Even to the moon.

My dog was sleeping by my side,
 'Tis the truth or lest I die;
I saw a troop of cavalry
 Forming in the sky.

The captain on a steed-like cloud
 Bearing a golden brand,
He gently moved his sabre
 And "forward" was his command.

They tramped along, I heard the tread
 To music like that of Zion;
And on their banner proudly waved
 A crouched and angry lion.

I dared no longer on them gaze,
 For many an armored beast
Was marching to the captain's cry;
 I turned me to the west.

And, behold! I saw another troop
 Dimming the western lights,
I noticed too upon 'a cloud
 America's stars and stripes.

At double time they hastened on,
The drums did loudly beat,
I heard them sound "assembly,"
But they uttered not "retreat."

To England's army soon they rode,
I heard great cannons roar,
Many noble breasts were mangled,
And the earth drank up the gore.

A meteor fell from heaven,
Turning darkness into light;
It seemed I was standing in the snow,
Again 'twas dark as night.

A voice spake from heaven
Like an angel, as it were,
"The end is near, God's wrath is come,
Prepare all men for war."

I was not sleeping in a trance,
But wide awake as now;
These sights I saw or lest I die,
While waiting for the cow.

WHERE FIND THY REST, O MORTAL MAN?

We all are born to mourn and die,
Every hour bringeth sorrow,
This life holds to a strand from high,
And joy comes tomorrow.

Trouble like wind sweeps o'er the earth,
And visits the mountains wild;
Eyes of parents who loveth mirth,
Oft sigh for the younger child.

The rich man in his mansion great,
Cries, "Life is almost done,"
While the poor, in poverty, mourn their fate,
And wait for death to come.

Waiting, dreading, they journey on,
Unforgiving remains the soul;
The mills of time grind slowly on,
And will call them in, for toll,

Naught but the soul can pay the debt,
These mills demand for pay;
From birth to grave many snares are set,
They're sprung, and we're called away.

Then why abscond from death's cold grasp,
He raps and we must go;
In the path we tread will others stand,
We paid the debt they owe.

We are preyed upon while life exists.
With worms our flesh is filled;
In depths of slumber is found no rest,
The mind is never still.

To live, to dread, to mourn, and die
Is the fate of our poor souls;
Its foundation with the soul must lie,
Though formed in God's own moulds.

“ In midst of life we are in death,”
So sayeth Almighty God;
There is found on earth no mortal rest
Till we sleep beneath the sod.

Where find thy rest, O mortal man?
When in life we must endure
So many trials, but we're told again
There is rest in regions pure.

SO TIRED IS THE POET'S BRAIN.

There is naught before mine eyes but rhyme,
To slumber I try in vain,
I turn once more on a warrior's cot,
So tired is the poet's brain.

Mine eyes are closed. The brain is still,
Oh, that it would remain.
Methinks I hear a voice call,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I turn once more. No rest tonight.
Mine hopes are rent in twain.
The hum of the fly will chill my blood,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I hear the sound of golden harps,
And, like a man insane,
My jaws will crash like a guillotine,
So tired is the poet's brain.

Where my mind was fixed it passes by,
No more can I explain.
I see in dreams but verse and rhyme,
So tired is the poet's brain.

My flesh is dead. I am freezing fast.
My blood like frozen rain
Is stilled, but I hear sweet verses read,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I try to turn, as yet I'm cold.
Methinks I hear the name
Of some loved friend that's dead and gone,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I at length revive, my sight how dim,
And writhing in great pain
I feel my cot swing to and fro,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I rise and pace the oaken floor
That sways like golden grain,
Mine ear drums sound like shrieks of men,
So tired is the poet's brain.

Where shall I go? To a grave, methinks;
I stagger down a lane
And pause awhile on a lonely mound,
So tired is the poet's brain.

In the moon's pale light I now can see
A dead, once living frame.
The stars twinkle once and hide,
So tired is the poet's brain.

I rise to leave the haunted grave,
And scream as I hear again
Broad wings flap. I hear them touch.
So tired is the poet's brain.

“God have mercy,” at last I cried,
 “O, blessed be Thy name!”
I sat me down on another mound,
 So tired is the poet’s brain.

Mine eyes are blind; I stand erect,
 How dark is the domain.
It seems I’m filling a new made grave,
 So tired is the poet’s brain.

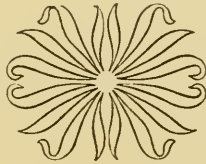
The morn to me a blessing brought,
 Like a mother relieved from pain,
The sights I saw seem like a dream,
 At rest is the poet’s brain.



As you pore these pages o'er and o'er
Before the lights last gleaming,
And close the lids for a moment's thought,
'Twill seem like an hour's dreaming.

But no, 'tis but a wandering brain
That from the God would borrow,
And help the orphan on his way—
I will tell the rest tomorrow.

[THE END.]



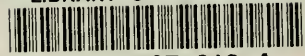
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